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JUNE 1, 1970

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LETTERS

Incidence of Violence

Sir: By escalating the incidence of violence both at home and abroad, President Nixon has betrayed the expectations of the American people as egregiously as did his predecessor. As President of this great country, he has set an example of lawlessness and irresponsibility in both word and deed that cannot help exacerbating the existing divisions between men and nations. The pursuit of short-term political ends can no longer be permitted to interfere with progress toward the long-range objectives necessary for the preservation and improvement of our society.

DAVID T. ROY

Chicago

Sir: I was taught that those who live by violence usually die by violence; but apparently the students nowadays are not taught that, or anything else. What do the students think the National Guard is called out for? To their way of thinking, if they think at all, it is all right for them to riot, throw stones, Molotov cocktails, and destroy what others have built; but it is not all right for police or soldiers to defend themselves.

The young people have not contributed anything to the well-being of their country. Instead, they seem to think it is all right to destroy anything they wish to, on the principle of a spoiled child pulling his toys to pieces simply because his parents won't buy him new ones.

Their heroes apparently are Che Guevara, Ho Chi Minh and the Viet Cong. To the young potheads, America and the Americans are always wrong, and the other guy is always right, especially if he is a Communist. If I could feel sorry for the younger generation, I would; for soon there will be no teachers, no doctors, no lawyers, no engineers, no merchants, no anything, except revolutionaries running in a thousand different directions, having mistaken license for liberty.

(MRS.) EILEEN R. ADLER

AP0 New York

Sir: If we were to close down the universities, withdraw our troops from South Viet Nam leaving Southeast Asia to the Communists, and persuade the Establishment to shut up and stay away from their jobs, would that satisfy the dissident young? Chances are that within hours they would be protesting that the universities should be open, someone should stop the spread of Communism, and that the Establishment should get back to work.

Perhaps this reverse psychology would be worth a try. It often is successful with hostile, aggressive four-year-olds—according to Dr. Spock.

MARY D. CLARY

Pasadena, Calif.

Sir: The reason that I came to Kent State University was for an education. And I'm getting one. Seeing those khaki-green tents and trucks on the football field, men carrying real M-1 rifles loaded with real ammunition, and then witnessing some of my fellow students bleeding and hysterical, left a far deeper impression within me than my most effective professor could have.

It was real. It was shocking. It was devastating. From it, I have observed that violent confrontation results only in impotent deaths and unwarranted destruc-

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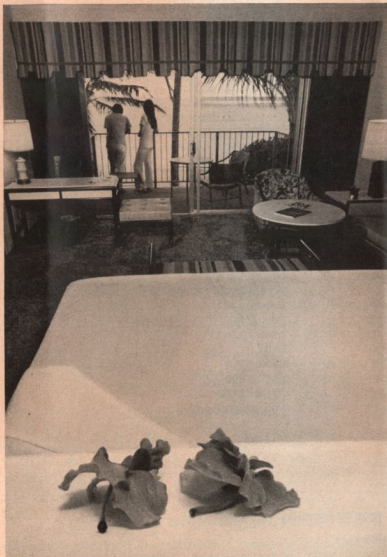
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tion. I feel that this is much too high a price to pay for any nebulous cause.

BERYL-ANNE H. TUFFYAS

Kent, Ohio

Sir: In March 1770 a military unit took offense at being called names and being pelted with rocks and fired into a crowd of unarmed civilians. They called that the Boston Massacre. Then they started a revolution.

JOHN J. GUINIVEN, 71

Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge

Sir: The young deary hypocrisy yet practice a brand all their own. Many talk peace while destroying and hating. They demand money for worthwhile domestic causes, but money needed elsewhere must be used to help straighten out lives ruined by mind-blowing, body-damaging drugs. They take up the ecological banner, and yet the Woodstock happening was an ecological nightmare. Some cry liberty for all and in the same breath laud the Viet Cong. Materialism is rejected, but as products of a materialistic society, they knowingly use and benefit from it daily. They want the war ended, but the type of protest used, I feel, has prolonged it. They think the older generation unyielding, but they won't budge from their position.

To rebuild, many say, you must first destroy. If the roof of my house leaks, I don't blow up the house, leaving my family homeless. I mend the roof. I long for a day when each person will try to figure out a real solution to a problem instead of a nonnegotiable demand.

PATRICIA M. WASBOTTEN

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sir: Is it not paradoxical to watch these sincere and deeply concerned prophets of peace engage in so many acts of arson, vandalism and violence? I sometimes worry about my own generation.

GARY R. DOGGER

Atlanta

Parents March

Sir: Linda Eldredge says: "And our parents watched their children go to this insanity and did not seem to mind. Even when we came back in boxes" [May 11].

Well, we mind. We mind very much about our three sons of military age, and everybody else's sons. We mind the haggard and frightened faces of the 19- and 20-year-olds in Viet Nam, which come into our homes every evening via the 6:30 news. We mind that we are not marching with Dr. Spock; we are the angry Establishment, the not-so-Silent Majority of mothers and fathers who mind that their sons are drafted, and for what? An honorable peace? Brush wars in Southeast Asia for the next 50 years? It is time that we parents marched also.

DR. and MRS. NATHAN SHLIM

Portland, Ore.

Sir: So Linda Eldredge, 19, after five years of marching and demonstrating and some serious losses, you have not been able to force the world to accede to your demands for peace. After just five years, you have not been able to bring about that which others have been working toward for centuries. Thank goodness Lister, Pasteur and Salk didn't feel that way. What bloodbath would India have suffered had Gandhi turned from pacifism to violence after five years? If you had an ill or handicapped child, would you de-

stroy doctors and hospitals because they could find no immediate cure?
Curing the ills of the world will take much longer than five years.

ANNE O'HARRA

Boonton, N.J.

Epitaph Drear

Sir: America's interminable conflict in Southeast Asia [May 18] recalls Rudyard Kipling's lines about Asia:

*It is not good for the Christian health
to hustle the Aryan brown,
For the Christian riles,
and the Aryan smiles
and he weareth the Christian down;
And the end of the fight
is a tombstone white
with the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear:
"A Fool lies here
who tried to hustle the East."*

FREDERIC A. MORITZ

Taipei, Taiwan

Sir: After 200 years of espousing the principle of liberty, America is told by some of her eminent U.S. Senators that millions of free Asians are just not worth the trouble. If we wash our hands of Asia in this shrinking world, how easy it will be to wash our hands of Israel, West Berlin—anyone. Right on, America! All power to the people—just like it is on the other side of the Berlin Wall.

KENNETH J. ROP

Arlington, Va.

Comparative Religion

Sir: Vice President Agnew's denunciation of those ministers who are sincerely at-



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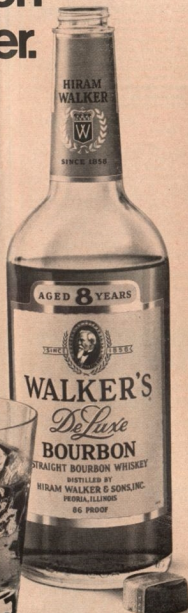
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Walker's DeLuxe, the great bourbon from Hiram Walker himself.

tempting to make the Gospel relevant to today's tragedies and inhumanities indicates his incompetence to make judgments in the field of religion [May 11].

Perhaps if he had a better acquaintance with the history of religion and its institutions, he would know that the old-time religion has too often been a major cause of precisely the evils we find in the world today. The oldtime religion has usually been racist in character; it has often been blind to the cruelties of war, economic oppression, cultural deprivation.

The radical Christian of today is doing what Christ did—becoming involved with the poor, the dispossessed, the victims of injustice and arrogance.

EDWARD WING
Chairman

Department of Religion
Millikin University
Decatur, Ill.

How to Elect a President

Sir: Congratulations on an excellent analysis of the problems present in our Government's attempt to hammer out a reasonable procedure for electing a President [May 4]. The best procedure would be to do what the present proposal of Senator Sam Ervin suggests: get rid of the electors, keep the present distribution of electoral votes by states, certify states' votes automatically; if no candidate has a winning majority, turn the election over to Congress, with each Senator and Representative having one vote. Then, in later years, if we find that refinements are needed, they can be introduced after proper analysis and study.

JAMES A. MICHENER

Pipersville, Pa.

The System or the Man?

Sir: Your story on Father Phil and Father Dan Berrigan [May 4] shows their deep love for their fellow man. Permit me to go one step beyond your statement that "both priests deeply distrust private property because of the greed that it provokes in humanity."

After almost ten years of living in a primitive society, I distrust communal property because of the greed and laziness it provokes in humanity.

Is it the system, or is it man who promotes greed? Which needs to be changed? Contrary to Father Dan's *No Bars to Mambood*, perhaps our problems stem from trying to localize the solutions before we have recognized the universal problem.

(THE REV.) DICK HUETER

Lutheran Mission Bongo
Madang, New Guinea


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NONSUPPORTED NONSUPPORTER

AMERICAN NOTES

In Praise of Machines

Coming from Richard Hatcher, the black mayor of Gary, Ind., the analysis of urban machine politics was a bit startling. In an address in Washington, Hatcher said: "However well or poorly Mayor Daley may use his authority, the actions of America's last great political machine, in Chicago, demonstrate convincingly that patronage politics at least provides a way to get things done."

Hatcher's point was an interesting reversal of traditional liberal wisdom. "Unfortunately for America's urban black population," he continued, "their rise to large numbers in the cities comes as the machines and the many jobs they offer have largely dried up. No other ethnic group in America's cities had to rise in the face of good government and civil service."

Flags and Bras

The theater of the streets this spring has been adorned by flags unfurled and bosoms unfettered—the one by supporters of Richard Nixon's Viet Nam policies, and the other by his youthful female nonsupporters. Since every cause has its economic effect, it follows that the flags are selling briskly, with sales doubled over last year's.

Bra sales, however, have not deflated. The Corset and Brassiere Association of America insists that bra sales have continually increased in the U.S., and were up 41% last year. No figures are yet at hand for 1970 to show the dimensions of the new braless movement.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE NATION

Riot to Cheat

Any American educator who feels harried by student protests might consider the state of learning at some schools in India. When a proctor at Satna College in Madhya Pradesh complained that students were copying examination answers from their textbooks, the students staged a minor riot. At Mainpuri a proctor who caught students cribbing was hacked to death with knives. In Gorakhpur, a high school student brought his homicidal Alsatian dog to bare his fangs at any teacher who tried to interfere with his right to cheat. Cheating, of course, is not much of an issue on U.S. campuses these days. With all the student unrest and closed-down universities, there are far fewer exams available for the taking.

Suspension of Art

The nation has grown almost accustomed to watching universities shut down in protest. Now, museums.

Last week, during a one-day artists' strike against "war, racism and repression," Manhattan's Whitney Museum, Jewish Museum, and more than 50 galleries were closed. When the Metropolitan refused to shut its doors, some 150 strike participants staged a sit-out on the front steps. The Guggenheim Museum remained open, but stripped its paintings from the walls, and shrouded its sculpture lest they be damaged.

The strike's object was to suspend "business as usual" in protest. But to suspend art as usual seemed a perverse gesture with unsettling symbolic implications. "Empty walls," said Guggenheim Director Thomas Messer, "are in themselves a sobering comment on violence and coercion of every kind."

Contact Sports

His detractors often accuse Vice President Spiro Agnew of having an instinct for the jugular. Actually, Agnew aims slightly higher. During the Bob Hope Desert Classic three months ago,

he hit a drive that bounced off the head of Golf Pro Doug Sanders. Last week the game was tennis. The Vice President and Peace Corps Director Joseph Blatchford were paired for the Administration in a doubles match against a congressional team of New York Senator Jacob Javits and Connecticut Congressman Lowell Weicker. Blatchford stood poised in the forecourt, waiting for the Vice President's serve. It arrived—bouncing off Blatchford's cranium. Blatchford retreated quickly to the sidelines and returned to the court wearing a motorcycle crash helmet. Said Republican Senator Charles Percy: "The Vice President is the only tennis player I know who should yell 'Fore!' when he serves."

Yevtushenko on Kent State

Russian Poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko has had his troubles in the past for criticizing Soviet policies. In recent years, he has also kept up a poetic and suitably critical commentary on the U.S. scene. Last week in *Pravda*, Yevtushenko published a 111-line poem to Allison Krause, one of the four students killed by National Guard gunfire at Kent State University. His theme was a gesture reportedly made by Allison, 19, on the day before her death. She put a flower in the muzzle of a Guardsman's rifle and said: "Flowers are better than bullets." It was one of the Russian's more bathetic recent poems, aimed not so much against America as against war and militarist authority. Sample lines:

*Rock and roll upon bones,
now death dances in Viet Nam,
and in Cambodia.*

Where will it dance tomorrow?

*Rise up, girls of Tokyo,
boys of Rome.*

*Aim your flowers
at the universal evil enemy.*

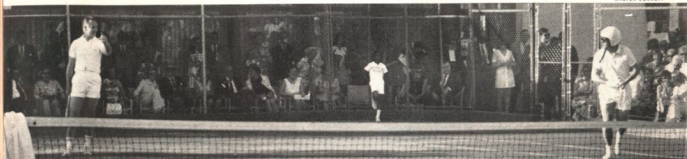
Blow aloft

all the dandelion fluff of the world.

Oh, what a mighty blizzard that will make!

AGNEW & BLATCHFORD AFTER THE HEAD FAULT

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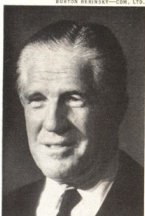
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FINCH



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The Widening Cracks in Nixon's Cabinet

It is not yet mutiny, but there is deep malaise and disarray in the Government of Richard Nixon. Sullen resentment and overt bickering compound the dreariness of Washington's labyrinthine bureaucratic corridors. Cambodia and Kent State, the slumping economy and the rhetoric of Spiro Agnew have divided the nation and split the Government. In the capital, a loss of confidence in presidential leadership plagues clerks and Cabinet members alike. And it is unfolding against a tumultuous background of challenge to Richard Nixon from the Congress of the United States.

It is an extraordinary spectacle, both in public and in private. Interior Secretary Walter Hickel's letter chiding Nixon for ignoring the agonizing question of the young has widened his estrangement from the power center; his criticisms of the Administration now extend to the war, economic policy, White House organization, treatment of the press and the leadership vacuum. At one dinner, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, a longstanding Nixon loyalist, concluded that the Cambodia invasion should have been quietly announced in Saigon as an expanded "raid" rather than trumpeted as something like Armageddon by Nixon on national television. At another party, Labor Secretary George Shultz argued intently that the time has come to put a muzzle on Vice President Agnew.

White Face. Despite his doubts on Cambodia, Secretary of State William Rogers says that he has no thought of resigning. One reason is apocalyptic; he believes that the authority of the presidency is imperiled and that his departure might be its *coup de grâce*. But Cambodia will go on creating discord in Washington. While the Administration continues to maintain that U.S. troops will be out of Cambodia by July 1, that commitment is clouded by South Vietnamese insistence on staying—which would require U.S. air sup-

port and possibly American advisers as well (see THE WORLD).

The two Cabinet members who have publicly taken issue with Nixon are Hickel and George Romney, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. Both are ex-Governors accustomed to command, and both are frustrated by Nixon's isolation behind the palace guard of Assistants John Ehrlichman and H.R. Haldeman. Romney told TIME Correspondent Jess Cook: "I think the key question that the President is going to have to decide is whether he is to have White House staff people basically responsible in policy areas and playing leadership roles, or whether the Cabinet officers are going to do it." Romney has strong feelings on that point. Says one Nixon aide: "I've seen George Romney get white in the face, literally white in the face, because he couldn't get around that amorphous White House staff and get to the President."

Romney openly differed with Administration policy last week by proposing wage-price guidelines to counter inflation; Romney, a millionaire, said that he would do his bit by turning back 25% of his \$60,000-a-year salary to the Federal Treasury. He agrees with Hickel that Agnew's rhetorical assaults have become "counterproductive." Romney is restive because of the Administration's low budget priority for housing, and complains privately that the politics of self-preservation plays an overbearing part in Nixon's decision making. But he has no plans to quit—"as long as I feel I'm making a contribution to national policy." Nor, seemingly, does anyone else, though the open disagreements within the Administration have once again raised the classic dilemma of principle v. expediency (see ESSAY).

In the perennial bidding for President Nixon's attention, past friendship has not proved to be a present asset. Secretary Rogers became a close Nixon as-

sociate during the Eisenhower days, when Rogers was Attorney General. Never expert in foreign affairs, he has found himself a poor second on his own turf to the formidable Henry Kissinger, Nixon's national security adviser at the White House. But the most poignant case is that of Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Robert Finch, who has known Nixon since the President's first congressional campaign in California in 1946—and who reportedly turned down the vice-presidential position on Nixon's 1968 ticket.

Numb Arm. Unlike Rogers, Finch started strong in the early days of the Administration. His position, however, has become steadily less tenable. In the first months, he bobbled the nomination of Dr. John Knowles as HEW's chief health officer, which the American Medical Association successfully opposed. This year a series of splashy resignations and open disagreements have blotted his copybook badly. His liberal civil rights director, Leon Panetta, was forced out by the White House in February. Others have since left, among them Toby Moffett, his 25-year-old student-liaison man, who quit after Nixon called student protesters bums. Last week, drawn with fatigue, Finch was whisked off to Walter Reed Army Hospital—90 minutes before he was to defend and explain Administration policies to an unusual meeting of some 2,000 HEW employees.

Finch's medical difficulty, a numbness in his left arm, was diagnosed as the possible result of a nerve injury. He was released from the hospital after four days and ordered to take a week's complete rest. It will take longer than that to cure his ills at HEW. The liberals in his department feel that he has not pushed their cause strongly enough at the White House, while the White House thinks that he has flirted excessively with pro-civil rights, pro-spending factions that are not now and never could be a part of the Nixon political coalition. Both sides agree that he is not a forceful ad-

ministrator. The President was reportedly furious at Finch two weeks back for allowing welfare protesters to occupy his office for seven hours. One presidential aide says flatly: "Nixon is disgusted with Finch."

Empty Jobs. Within HEW, the Office of Education is a special locus of angst. Education Commissioner James Allen privately deplored Nixon's March 24 desegregation statement because it deliberately failed to make positive integration a goal. But most liberals were partly mollified by the Administration announcement last week that it would spend all of the \$500 million that Nixon had earlier pledged for ending legal segregation rather than for aid to deficient all-black schools. That pleased those who had had reservations, including Johns Hopkins' Dr. James Coleman, whom Nixon had consulted in preparing his March position paper. Coleman was "encouraged" by Nixon's decision now, he said, because "it represents an incentive to desegregate rather than an incentive not to."

But where Finch had disappointed HEW workers by backing Nixon on Cambodia, Allen became the first Administration official to challenge the President's actions directly and in the open. "I find it difficult to understand the rationale for the necessity of the move

into Cambodia as a means of supporting and hastening the withdrawal from Viet Nam," Allen told applauding listeners in the main HEW auditorium. "We must withdraw from there as rapidly as we can. The war is having a disastrous effect on the young people of this country." Allen's position in the Administration may fast become even dicier than Finch's. There are eight top jobs in his office that are already open or will be vacant by the end of the month; the White House has refused to approve any of Allen's candidates.

Helluva Fix? There was other unrest over the Cambodian decision at lower levels, many of which are largely staffed by leftover Democrats, in Nixon's sundering government. A hastily circulated petition against the Cambodian intervention that originated at AID and the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency gathered 250 signatures—including those of 50 Foreign Service officers.

There remain plenty of bastions of support in Government for the President. No one suggests that the dissidents are anything more than a growing minority. Postmaster General Winton Blount is one of Nixon's staunchest defenders. Says Blount, an Alabamian: "The fortunate thing about America is it doesn't happen to be oriented around

the New York-Washington axis. You get out around the country, and you don't feel the sense of despair you get around the East. The columnists are trying to say this country is in a helluva fix, and it isn't true."

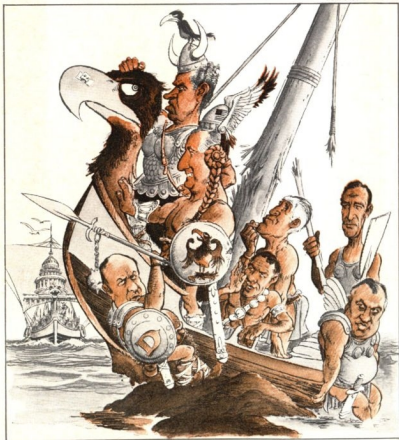
Agnew amplified that thought last week in a Houston speech that made it clear he was not going to be muzzled, no matter what his critics say. He renewed his attack on "the columns and editorials of the liberal news media, those really illiberal, self-appointed guardians of our destiny who would like to run the country without ever submitting to the elective process." He called the roll of offending newsmen and newspapers; "some of them now take it as a badge of honor to make Spiro's blacklist."

German Expectations. The White House made a few gestures last week toward papering over the cracks in the Administration. Some 250 sub-Cabinet policymakers from every department were summoned to what one irreverently called a "pep rally" in the State Department's west auditorium. They got a welcome from Agnew and briefings on Cambodia and the economy. Nixon held a Cabinet meeting, the first since April 13, but left after 90 minutes without hearing any discussion of the Hickel letter or of dissent on the nation's campuses.

At the initial meeting of his Cabinet early in 1969, Nixon promised to set up a special telephone line so that each member could reach him directly during a specified hour each day. Nothing came of it, though last week Nixon said that it was "a good idea" to revive the plan. Even if he does, it will be only a cosmetic change. One aide explained: "The old man wants to talk to Henry Kissinger about foreign policy, and he expects the Germans [Ehrlichman and Haldeman] to keep people away from him so he can do it. He expects Cabinet members to run their departments and leave him alone. He'll step in there when something gets big—environment, for instance, or the hunger problem. But he doesn't want to be bothered day by day."

However wedded to that style of operation Nixon may be, it has already proved expensive for him. When he introduced his Cabinet members on television before taking office, they seemed to be faceless men stamped from the same die. That is no longer so. He declared at the time that each possessed "an extra dimension." Some of them have proved that they do, and not always in a fashion that is to Richard Nixon's liking.

* The *Arkansas Gazette*; the *Atlanta Constitution*; the *New York Post's* Pete Hamill; the *New York Times* and three of its columnists, Anthony Lewis, James Reston and Tom Wicker; the *Washington Post* and its cartoonist Herbert Block (Herbblock); the *New Republic*; *E. F. Stone's Bi-Weekly*; Syndicated Columnists Carl Rowan and Harriet Van Horne; Hugh Sides of *TIME-LIFE*.



Voice of Reason: Don't Panic

Seldom in U.S. history has it been so urgent that calm and reasoned voices be heard above the tumult and the shouting of a divided nation. Chief Justice Warren E. Burger provided such a voice last week in a speech to the American Law Institute. In it he counseled patience to the radical reformers and rebuked those who might be tempted to restore order at the expense of America's fundamental freedoms. Excerpts:

SYSTEMS of justice are being attacked throughout the world. They reflect the uneasy temper of the times that stir and shake the mind and spirit. This is an era we will not fully understand until it is over, but meanwhile we must cope with events, with a seeming weakening of some institutions and attacks on institutions. Of immediate relevance to us as lawyers is that gnawing doubt whether our system of justice, especially criminal justice, is sturdy enough to withstand the assaults which are leveled at it. Some say we must "crack down," that we must "smash" the challengers and restore tight discipline. In periods of stress there are always some voices raised urging that we suspend fundamental guarantees and take short cuts



WALTER BENNETT

CHIEF JUSTICE BURGER

as a matter of self-protection. But this is not our way of doing things short of a great national emergency.

If we have the long view, we see that we have never been a tightly disciplined people and, reflecting this, our legal structure has been more relaxed than that of many other societies. If this has negative aspects, it also gives us a resiliency to tide us over and enable us to meet any crisis as it arises. We will respond slowly, but that is the nature of a democratic society. In those few periods of our history when we suspended basic guarantees of the individual in times of great national emergency, we often found, in retrospect, that we had overreacted.

It would be foolhardy not to be concerned about the turmoil and strife and violence we witness, much of it mindless and devoid of constructive ends. But concern must not give way to panic. I am optimistic. I believe our institutions are durable enough to surmount any attack. This is so partly because no week passes in this country without meetings of men and women dedicated to revise, improve and reshape our institutions to serve people.

The Senate: Unloving Acts

EVEN if he manages to restore peace within his official family, President Nixon may be unable to re-establish rapport with the U.S. Senate. Relations between the White House and the Upper House, already strained by the Supreme Court nomination fights, are turning ever more bitter over Indochina. Increasingly, Administration spokesmen are simply not believed.

Listening to testimony by Defense Secretary Melvin Laird and Admiral Thomas Moorer, soon to be Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Senator William Fulbright declared: "I have been hornsogged long enough!" Then he asked Moorer whether he knew of "any plans now to invade any other country in the foreseeable future." Senator Albert Gore accused Nixon of informing leaders of veterans' and retired officers' groups about his Cambodian plans two days before Congress and the nation were told on April 30. The White House denied it. Other, less vehement critics of the war were also on the attack. Majority Leader Mike Mansfield said that the U.S. was in danger of being dragged into Saigon's territorial ambitions "in Laos, Cambodia and God knows where else."

Going to the Well. The Administration had helped to fuel such sentiment. After failing to make a convincing case that South Vietnamese forces would withdraw from Cambodia

along with American units by July 1, the Administration began to retreat from even that prediction last week. If, said Laird, South Vietnamese troops have to "clean out" the Communist sanctuaries again, he would not rule out the use of U.S. air and logistic support. Then in Nixon's May 8 press conference, when he said that he "would expect" Saigon's troops to withdraw at the same time U.S. forces do, the President had also said: "When we come out, our logistical and air support will also come out." However, there are reports that the next installment of the Cambodian venture will be sustained combat by South Vietnamese forces, supported by Thailand and the U.S. (see THE WORLD).

Senate Republicans grew more discomfited by the day. Robert Dole of Kansas tried to work out an understanding on the Cooper-Church amendment, which would cut off funds for military activity in Cambodia by July 1, Nixon adamantly opposed Cooper-Church. Of the President's attitude, Dole said: "We who have gone to the well a number of times are saying to him that this isn't the time for confrontation [between the White House and the Senate]. It's a time for compromise."

Amended Amendment. By week's end there was no substantive compromise in sight. A round of constant consultation, involving the amendment's au-

thors—Republican John Sherman Cooper and Democrat Frank Church—Minority Leader Hugh Scott, Laird and Presidential Counsellor Bryce Harlow, ended with a modification in the amendment's preamble. The original text included the passage: "In order to avoid involvement of the U.S. in a wider war in Indochina and to expedite the withdrawal of American forces from Viet Nam . . ." The revised opening reads: "In concert with the declared objective of the President of the U.S. to avoid the involvement of the U.S. in Cambodia after July 1, 1970, and to expedite the withdrawal . . ."

Shared Responsibility. The change in wording was supposed to make the preamble less of a challenge to presidential authority. However, the operative provisions that follow remain the same, barring funds for a number of specific military purposes in Cambodian territory and airspace. Scott said that the modification did not satisfy the White House. Warned Church: "There can be no retreat on substance."

Last week the Cooper-Church measure could have been passed with about 55 votes in its favor. There was no vote, however, because opponents wanted to "discuss the matter at length," as Dole put it. That is a polite phrase for a small, undeclared guerrilla-style filibuster. A vote will take place this week, but only on the preamble. Debate on the amendment's core might go on indefinitely, since it takes a two-thirds vote to impose cloture. The tone that it

CHARLES PHILLIPS—LIFE



JOHN SHERMAN COOPER
More discomfited by the day.

could take was suggested by Michigan Senator Robert Griffin's remark that the amendment would "give aid and comfort to the enemy."

The constitutional question implicit in the Cooper-Church and other pending amendments (see THE LAW) is only one issue raised by the debate. The Administration's refusal to accept Cooper-Church is a message to Hanoi that Washington will not necessarily sit still in the future when confronted with a threat that it considers serious. There may be some psychological value in keeping an intractable foe guessing. But the Administration's position on the amendment increases apprehensions among Americans that the U.S. will continue to wage war, directly or indirectly, outside of South Viet Nam. Further, by postponing a vote in the Senate, the loyalists give new ammunition to dissenters who argue that opposition to the war through legitimate channels is doomed to strangulation.

"What is needed now," Henry Kissinger said at a recent Washington social gathering, "is a national recognition that only the President can take us out of the war. The time has come for an act of national commitment to the presidency, even an act of love." Replied Church: "The Congress and the President must join together in a program of shared responsibility for extricating us from this war. What we need is not an act of love, but an act of Congress." Given the mood of Washington and the country, it is likely that neither act will occur.

WALTER BERNETT



FRANK CHURCH
No retreat on substance.

Black Revival in the South

THE spirit of Selma, Birmingham and Montgomery was alive and marching again in the South. With an outward joy that failed to conceal their inner anger, blacks were singing, praying and chanting together in a common cry for social justice. Though relatively quiet for nearly two years, they have all along resented the shift of the nation's protest from civil rights to the war and the environment. But the Nixon Administration's Southern strategy, accentuating law and order and a slowdown on school integration, rankled deeply. Then came armed peace officers blasting away with guns at Kent State and Jackson State and in Augusta—and once again the excessive use of police power only enlarged the unrest it had sought to quell.

The center stage for the new action was Atlanta, a city which bills itself with some justice as "too busy to hate." There, some 150 weary protesters ended a 120-mile bus-and-walking trip from Perry, Ga., in what its S.C.L.C. organizers called a "march against repression." Following symbolic coffins and two mules nicknamed "Nixon" and "Lester," the marchers arrived after four days of uneventful travel under a blistering sun to be joined by some 9,000 noisy, but nonviolent advocates of "soul power" in the biggest civil rights rally in the South since 1965.

Barbers' Razors. In some less urbane areas than Atlanta, the racial tensions seemed more ominous and violence prone than in the early days of the civil rights movement. In Jackson, where Mississippi state troopers had raked a crowd of black demonstrators with at least 250 shots, killing two, outraged Negroes marched almost daily through the streets. Rumors grew of more rioting to come, and the public schools were closed. White homeowners rushed to buy guns, and young blacks walked about with long barbers' razors purposely allowed to protrude from their back pockets. Eight ghetto stores were fire-bombed, apparently by blacks. Angry whites discussed moves to oust Mayor Russell Davis because he had appointed a biracial commission to investigate the killings.

A group of liberal Washington legislators and the N.A.A.C.P.'s Roy Wilkins held an informal field investigation of their own. When it was over, Indiana Senator Birch Bayh protested that "What we have seen is enough to make a grown man cry." A planeload of 87 other Washington visitors, led by Democratic Senator Edmund Muskie and including Republican Senator Charles Percy and Harlem Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, flew in for the funeral of one of the shooting victims, James Earl Green, 17. They heard Fayette Mayor Charles Evers deliver a eulogy in the same hall in which services had been held for his slain brother Medgar. Asked Evers: "How long, O Lord, will

our white brothers continue to kill us?"

Attorney General John Mitchell briefly surveyed the bullet-riddled women's dormitory at Jackson State, met with College President John Peoples and Mayor Davis. Then in a previously scheduled talk in Cleveland, Miss., to wealthy plantation owners and businessmen of the Delta Council, he infuriated blacks by blandly condemning both "violent demonstrations" and "unrestrained reactions," seemingly equating



MARCHERS ON ROAD



ANTI-REPRESSION PROTESTERS

rocks with bullets. But back in Washington, Mitchell began studying the volumes of preliminary reports that the FBI has turned in on the shootings in Jackson, Kent and Augusta. The normally placid Mitchell seemed shaken. He bluntly cautioned all law enforcement agencies that they "have a responsibility to keep their cool and to utilize only such minimum force as is required to protect the safety of the general public, the bystanders and themselves."

◊ From right: Atlanta Mayor Massell, Senator McGovern, Mrs. Abernathy, the Rev. Abernathy, Mrs. King, U.A.W. President Woodcock.

No such warnings came from Southern officials. Instead of reprimanding his troopers, Mississippi Governor John Bell Williams defended them as "professional officers all—highly experienced. These men are not hotheads and they are not given to losing their heads under stress." He ordered 10,000 National Guardsmen placed on stand-by alert in his tense state. Another potential shootout was narrowly averted at Jackson State when armed officers gathered near the campus before dawn to back up Williams' dispatch of work crews to dismantle part of the dormi-

PETER RANGE



FROM PERRY



IN ATLANTA*

tory façade as evidence in the investigations. Defiant students quickly gathered but finally yielded on the assurance that they could watch to be sure that the evidence went directly to the FBI rather than to state authorities.

In Georgia, Governor Lester Maddox expressed no regrets over the killing of six blacks in Augusta. He blamed the deaths on protest demonstrations that "spawned hate and prejudice," and that were "supported by the Communist enemies of freedom." He almost invited further tragedy by predicting that someone would attempt to kill one of the

continued on following page

"I Expect More Jacksons"

Seven years ago, Hosea Williams, the son of a Georgia dirt farmer, gave up a \$14,000-a-year job with the U.S. Department of Agriculture ("I was a very, very good chemist") to join Martin Luther King Jr. Williams has since become one of the country's leading civil rights leaders. He was field marshal for the Meredith Mississippi march and the march from Selma to Montgomery, as well as last week's march to Atlanta. TIME Correspondent Peter Range kept pace with him for a time last week as Williams bitterly talked about the events at Augusta, Ga., and Jackson, Miss., and the mood of the civil rights movement in their wake:

I ACTUALLY believe, right now, this is a new day. A new day because we who have been in the movement a decade find ourselves with the realization that we are not free. We're not looking for new gains. We find ourselves struggling to maintain the gains we made over the years. Our intent was to participate in the mainstream of American life. The results just have not been there.

Augusta and Jackson State, from the evidence that I see now, are really bringing the black community in the South closer together. And I see something now growing out of these atrocities and resulting in a much more militant black community. I also envision a shift of the main battleground of civil rights from the North back to the South. I never did buy the Northern move. I was the only executive on Dr. King's staff that he never did get up North, and I say today, the only chance that the young Northerners have, both black and white, lies in what happens in the South. Because white people basically thought they were free until they got involved with trying to help black people get their freedom—then they found out they weren't free either.

The Nixon Administration is responsible for the problem today. Take voters' rights. Nixon has attempted to destroy it [the Voting Rights Act of 1965]. The bill he was putting up, claiming he wanted to equalize the franchise across the nation, was actually trying to destroy that which gave us the Stokeses, the black sheriffs, while at the same time defeating the Jim Clarks and throwing a scare into men like Herman Talmadge and Mendel Rivers. It is very evident that Nixon does not intend for us to be able to utilize the truth of the courts that we have used in the past.

The march today is the beginning of a new era. We are using old techniques with the expectation of new re-

sults. People have got to get that ballot and use it. That's going to be our main thrust this summer. But first we have to get the people out. We wanted to get people to Atlanta on Saturday, but they wouldn't come because of fear. So we're undergoing an educational process. You know, after the voting-rights bill was passed, the only place where people crowded up by the thousands to register was in Alabama—because of the educational process that took place on the Selma-to-Montgomery march. Mississippi rid itself of much fear in the Meredith march. Now we're trying to do the same thing in Georgia.

Only this time, we're not going to make the same mistakes. In the past,

ROLAND FREEMAN



HOSEA WILLIAMS

we registered people and then forgot to educate them. We found out that if you educate an electorate, not only will they register, they'll raise hell and vote. In order to get them to vote, you have got to spend the same amount of resources and energy.

I definitely expect more Jacksons or Augustas this summer in the South. Right now, at this stage of the game, nonviolence still works better than violence, but I wouldn't want to gamble on the next decade. If it turned out to be the only effective method, I wouldn't have anything against violence. The new black awareness has brought about new self-respect, a new dignity. It's been just rhetoric in the past, this "Give me liberty or give me death." But it's a fact with blacks now; they mean that and they live it.

Perry-to-Atlanta marchers in order "to blame the Governor of Georgia."

In Augusta, where rioting blacks had caused nearly \$1,000,000 worth of property damage in their own neighborhood, Negroes held rallies, demanded the removal of some of the trigger-happy cops, and planned to boycott stores. Noting the multiple wounds in the backs of most of the victims, Whitney Young, executive director of the National Urban League, complained bitterly: "When a policeman shoots a man nine times, he is not just trying to kill a man—he is trying to kill everything that man represents." But whites were seething too, at the lack of press attention to the fact that ten whites caught innocently in the black rampage preceding the shootings had been injured.

Long-festering controversies over school integration have sent Georgia blacks marching repeatedly through the streets of Athens, Covington and Perry. Mainly because they lacked parade permits, some 400 blacks were arrested in Perry's surrounding Houston County, and about the same number in Athens, where the National Guard was called out. Blacks there contend that police have burst into their neighborhoods, clubbing residents indiscriminately.

Liberation Train. It was in that kind of raw emotional atmosphere that some 400 blacks responded to the call of the S.C.L.C.'s President Ralph Abernathy and March Organizer Hosea Williams (see box, preceding page), and packed a former school auditorium in Perry to plan the trek to Atlanta. They sang hymns and chanted "Freedom Now!" in the old civil rights style. As they trudged up U.S. 41, escorted by state patrol cars, they passed young blacks holding up clenched fists, the local symbol for soul power. Except for a few motorists who swerved their cars toward the marchers to scare them, whites mainly ignored the black band of protesters. Despite the Maddox warnings, they reached Atlanta without any violence.

The rally there grew with the addition of thousands of college students, including a "Liberation Train" from Washington's predominantly black Howard University. Picking up many whites as well, the rally moved in a half-mile line from the Rev. Martin Luther King's Ebenezer Baptist Church to the live oak campus of Morehouse College. They chanted "Power to the People!" and sang, inevitably, *We Shall Overcome*. A sign pleaded: NIXON—STOP THE MURDER AT HOME AND ABROAD. Lounging on blankets or standing atop trucks to view speakers on the campus, the crowd warmly applauded the anti-war, anti-Government rhetoric of such speakers as Mrs. Coretta King, Senator George McGovern, new U.A.W. President Leonard Woodcock and Black Poet LeRoi Jones. The affair had all the gaiety of a picnic, yet the feelings ran deep and the South was once again experiencing racial tensions that could easily erupt into new violence.

PROTEST Workers' Woodstock

Calloused hands gripped tiny U.S. flags. Weathered faces shone with sweat under the midday sun. For three hours, 100,000 members of New York's brownest unions marched and shouted, milled and sang in a massive display of gleeful patriotism and muscular pride. Basking in the ticker-tape approval of cheering office workers crowding high windows in buildings many of them had helped erect beam by beam and load by load, the hardhatted construction workers, teamsters and longshoremen rallied through the streets of Lower Manhattan in probably the biggest pro-Government rally since the Viet Nam War began. With a crude and forceful clarity, they signaled their support of President Nixon's policies in Southeast Asia.

In sharp contrast with the vengeful hardhat attacks upon youthful peace demonstrators a fortnight before, this rally was carefully organized by the Building and Trades Council of Greater New York, which had announced that its aim was to help laborers show their "love of country and love and respect for our country's flag." Leaders of the participating unions, which included plumbers, bricklayers, steamfitters and ironworkers, had warned against violence. About 3,800 cops, some of whom had blithely watched the earlier beatings, sealed off city hall from the demonstrators and patrolled the march. The mood was tense, not angry. Mayor John Lindsay was burned in effigy and denounced by many signs: IMPEACH THE RED MAYOR and, over a mock coffin, HERE LIES THE CITY OF NEW YORK—BURIED BY COMMISAR LINDSAY.

Full Pay. But mainly the polychromatic rally, with its shimmering flow of blue, red, green and yellow hats amid thousands of American flags, was a festive affair, accenting the positive in a kind of workers' Woodstock. Banners proclaimed GOD BLESS AMERICA and the demonstrators chanted, "All the Way with the U.S.A.!" Martial music, including *From the Halls of Montezuma* and *The Caissons Go Rolling Along*, rekindled the World War II spirits of middle-aged workers. Flag-waving demonstrators clung precariously to the uncomfortable tops of moving concrete mixers.

The display of pro-Nixon sentiment was impressive, and the patriotic fervor was sincere. Yet the street rallies of the hardhats in New York City are com-

plicated by their animosity toward campus protesters and long-haired youths, their fear of inflation and recession, their political grudges against Mayor Lindsay. Union leaders rarely have any difficulty in turning out big crowds—especially on a spring day and at full pay. But more significantly, blue-collar workers are apparently discovering, as countless college students have found, that there is a certain satisfaction in the camaraderie of expressing feelings

DAVID BURNETT



NEW YORK WORKERS ON FLAG-BEDECKED CRANE
With gleeful patriotism and muscular pride.

en masse and in catching the nation's attention. The beleaguered John Lindsay aptly pointed up the benefits of this when he congratulated the workers on their "spirited and orderly" protest and urged them to "uphold the right of other groups to demonstrate peacefully too—for this is the essence of the American way."

The Briefcase Brigade

Washington had withstood civil rights marchers, poor people and antiwar demonstrators. But last week the capital came under siege from legions whose troops represented the Establishment itself. Nearly 1,000 New York lawyers, some of them from the same firm in which the President and Attorney General John Mitchell had once been partners, appeared to plead the case for peace in Southeast Asia.

Neatly dressed in pin stripes and conservative gray flannel, the briefcase bri-

gade constituted a cross section of the New York bar. Among its members were retired judges, shaggy-maned young associates and grizzled senior partners. They came to Washington not to demonstrate, but to argue.

For many of the lawyers, the trip to Washington began at Manhattan's Pennsylvania Station at the unaccustomed hour of 6:30 a.m. Boarding eight special cars, the attorneys spent most of the four-hour trip reviewing carefully prepared briefing packages that included biographies of the Congressmen they were to see and legal arguments against Nixon's action in Cambodia. In keeping with legal procedures, the papers were labeled Exhibits A, B and C.

To many, the trip was an initiation into the politics of protest. "This is the first time I've ever done anything," said Seymour Hertz, 37, a specialist in corporate and securities law. "I'm

just frightened by what's happening in this country; Viet Nam isn't worth it." Most regarded the visit to Washington as a unique opportunity to get their ideas on the war across to the Government. "We're lawyers, not longhairs," said Randy Bevis, 29, a member of Thomas Dewey's law firm. "We're respectable, and I think we can get our foot in the door."

But some doors remained closed. Following a meeting on the steps of the Capitol the lawyers split up into 150 teams to buttonhole other Senators and Congressmen. Bar Association President Francis Plimpton, a former deputy delegate to the United Nations, was turned away when he tried to see Senator Ernest Hollings. New York State Senator Manfred Ohrenstein found Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott too preoccupied with legislative problems to heed the attorneys' brief that the President

had gone beyond the law in sending troops into Cambodia. "I'm not sure the message got through," Ohrenstein said. Nor was Attorney Orville Schell certain that he managed to reach Attorney General Mitchell during a meeting with the President's chief domestic adviser, David Schell. "We were polite, we were cool, but we certainly didn't make any visible impression."

Despite the failure of their proselytizing efforts, the lawyers felt that their trip was not wasted. Since 1940, New York law firms have provided the country with seven top Cabinet officers and scores of second-echelon officials. The fact that these same firms are now swelling the ranks of the Government's opposition should provide dissenting members of the Administration with fresh ammunition that Nixon's policies have split even the most established of the Establishment.

AMERICAN SCENE

The Garden-Club Ladies

IN a cartoonist's imagination, the ladies who belong to garden clubs are a Begonia Mafia who gather in print dresses and flowered hats to chatter about mulch and petrifaction. In some ways, of course, the ladies are responsible for their own image.

At least since Earth Day, however, the garden-club ladies have felt a certain smugness. America's garden clubs have been preaching conservation for years, albeit in modest and genteel ways. Last week when 600 delegates to the national council gathered in Chicago, they tended to say, "I told you so." Said Mrs. Howard Kittel of Fort Worth: "The image of the garden club has changed a great deal. People are beginning to look up to us for information rather than down at us for

being a bunch of nuts. We are taking an environmental rather than a cosmetic approach." Added Mrs. Maxwell Steel of Huntingdon, Pa.: "The lovely art of floral arrangement is not one of our stated goals."

Décor was not neglected at the Sheraton-Chicago hotel, however. Each day's session had a color theme—pink for Tuesday, for example, with pink cloth tote bags emblazoned with red cardinals presented as favors. At one luncheon, the delegates sighed over a new strain of gladiolus christened the "Osa Mae Gladiolus," in honor of National Council President Mrs. Osa Mae Barton.

In the midst of such floriated rituals, the ladies reviewed some of their serious

projects. The South Atlantic Region of the council reported on the mini-parks it is developing in many urban areas. In Fort Worth, members successfully saved a botanical park from destruction by a proposed highway. Garden clubs in Idaho are campaigning to prevent wild rivers from being dammed by the U.S. Corps of Engineers. The ladies are not mounting massive environmental crusades, but cultivating their own gardens, brightening the land in a small way.

In the most alarming moment of the Chicago convention, Mrs. Katherine Hedley of St. Louis, director of the Garden Clubs' foreign affiliates, fell backwards off a six-foot platform, breaking two bones in her foot; but she gamely recovered long enough to introduce the next speaker. The second biggest crisis occurred when the banquet waiters failed to set enough places at the head tables. Some feathers were ruffled as 15 ladies had to step down to dine at the floor-level tables. But all proceeded smoothly again through the ceremonies, when officers presented four \$1,000 scholarships, Smokey Bear awards, an anti-litter trophy, and the flower arrangements and horticultural prizes.

For all the new popularity and urgency of the environmental issue, the garden-club members still worry that they have not shaken their old image. "I suppose," sighed one silver-haired delegate from Louisiana, "that they are going to call us all little old dowagers in tennis shoes, pattering around in our gardens." Said another: "They always used to call us petunia pickers. I wonder what they call us now."

"They call us," a third woman rejoined in the new pride the advent of environmental concern has engendered, "whenever they need someone to get some hard work done."



EXPLAINING FLORAL ARRANGEMENTS AT CONVENTION

McCormack: A Symbol Retires

THE day in 1962 when John William McCormack took the gavel in the U.S. House of Representatives was the fulfillment of a lifetime of labor and dreams. An Irish striver who had supported his fatherless family and raised himself from the meanest poverty of South Boston, he was the first Roman Catholic ever elected Speaker. He had worked and waited with loyalty and patience under the patronage and shadow of Sam Rayburn for more than three decades. Finally he achieved the rostrum once held by Clay and Cannon, Clark and Longworth.

Then something happened, or failed to happen. Congress embarked on the Great Society's massive legislative splurge, and McCormack faithfully hustled votes for L.B.J. as he had for earlier Presidents. But his role remained more the legislative whip's, rather than growing to that of a partner in Government. In a period when the demands on Congress for innovation multiplied, McCormack balked at change. When the Democrats lost the White House and looked to Congress for leadership, McCormack had none to offer. At a time when all political institutions and leaders were being challenged to prove their vigor and flexibility, McCormack came to be a symbol of Congress's flaws, of its arthritic seniority system and quirky procedures. No House Speaker has voluntarily retired to private life since 1903. When McCormack announced last week that after 42 years he would leave Congress at the end of his term in January, the news evoked a sense of relief in Washington.

Rare Rebellion. Age was his enemy. He was 70 when he assumed power, is 78 now when surrendering it. "I know how old I am," he said last week. "I don't apologize for it." Nor does he apologize for anything else. Despite his years, he worked hard as Speaker, brokering for legislation, leaving the podium to engage in floor debate more than any of his predecessors. His life has been as lean and free of frivolity as his gaunt face. His only interests besides public business are his wife Harriet and his nephew Edward, who substituted for the children McCormack never had.

McCormack is a man of codes and creeds. He found all he needed in party loyalty and Catholic piety, though sometimes there were conflicts. John Kennedy's original aid-to-education bill omitted funds for parochial schools, thereby provoking one of McCormack's rare rebellions against a Democratic President. McCormack prevailed. They called him the "Archbishop" in the cloakrooms, and he resented it. Despite his close association with Southern Democrats throughout his House career, McCormack was also a strong advocate of civil rights legislation. He once denounced a Mississippi Democrat on the floor for his bigotry. He was always cor-

dial toward the Jewish community, and his first appointment to the Naval Academy was a Jewish youth: some of his constituents called him "Rabbi John."

His New Deal brand of liberalism made him a spender. His personal background and early congressional experience—he was the chairman of a Special Un-American Activities Committee in the 1930s—made him a strident anti-Communist. Issues, however, concerned him less than the party line. As with other old-school legislators, his capital was discipline and personal obligation. Once while presiding over the House, he noticed a conservative

city Democratic machines re-elected McCormack 178 to 58.

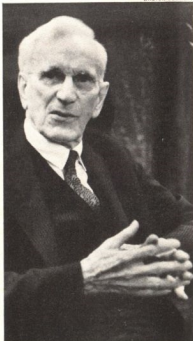
The best test of McCormack's durability came last fall when a senior aide, Martin Sweig, and a longtime friend, Nathan Voloshen, enmeshed the Speaker's office in an influence-peddling scandal. McCormack, under heavy criticism outside the House, insisted that he would run again both for his seat and for the Speakership. He immediately began soliciting support and got more than enough pledges to assure continued power.

Last fall's declaration, however, was merely a display of defiance. He was not going to show his enemies—mostly younger members who oppose the war and want to reform House procedures—that he was quitting while under attack. Actually, he had told associates two years ago that he was reluctant to seek another House term in 1968. He changed his mind after Lyndon Johnson announced his retirement. "It would look," he said then, "as if everyone was abandoning a sinking ship."

No Nincompoops. He might have run again in 1970 despite everything were it not for the rapidly failing health of Mrs. McCormack, 85. The Speaker has been spending much of his spare time nursing her. That burden, together with his age and his devotion to duty, may have become too heavy. By announcing his retirement in May, he gave his Boston allies time to organize a primary campaign against independent candidates who are seeking his congressional seat. "I didn't want to hold off," he said, "and let some nincompoop get the nomination."

There is little doubt who McCormack's successor as Speaker will be if the Democrats hold a House majority in the 92nd Congress. Just as McCormack moved up from majority leader upon Rayburn's death, the present majority leader, Carl Albert of Oklahoma, 62, is assured of succession. Slightly more flexible than McCormack on questions of congressional organization, slightly less adamant in support of the war, Albert is acceptable to all the Democratic factions. Both Mills and Udall promptly announced that they would back Albert.

The fights next January will be over the second and third spots in the leadership, majority leader and whip; for these posts there is no shortage of candidates, and lively scraps between reformers and old-liners could develop. But it is the Speaker who sets the chamber's pace and tone. McCormack, the last man born in the 19th century to hold top congressional leadership, never made it to high school and never got over the New Deal tradition of a Congress that takes its cue from the White House. Albert, a Rhodes Scholar and affable companion, is likely to be able better to achieve consensus among all House Democrats, and is expected to take a more activist view of the loyal opposition's role.



MCCORMACK ANNOUNCING RETIREMENT
Man of codes and creeds.

Democrat lobbying several New Jersey members in the back of the chamber. McCormack left his place and marched on the group. "This is a McCormack bill," he told the Jerseyites. "Are you for McCormack or for this fellow?" He kept their votes.

Durability Test. McCormack took personally the uprisings against him. One move to replace him in 1968 crumbled before a test could be made because Chairman Wilbur Mills of the Ways and Means Committee declined to be the opposition's candidate for Speaker. Mills, an Arkansan popular with fellow Southerners, is one of the few members who might have been able to rally a majority of the Democratic caucus against McCormack. Last year part of the liberal faction put up Arizona's Morris Udall, but a coalition of Southerners and members loyal to big-

WALTER BENNETT

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A FEW RESIGNATIONS MIGHT HELP

O mother

What shall I cry?

We demand a committee, a representative committee, a committee of investigation

RESIGN RESIGN RESIGN

—T.S. Eliot, *Difficulties of a Statesman*

THERE are plenty of committees in Washington these days, but virtually no talk of resignations. Since any number of Cabinet members and lesser officials are unhappy with President Nixon's policies, one would assume that a few of them are ready to quit amid ringing pronouncements: "I am sorry that I have only one job to give for my country." But no such moves—at least not so far.

Whether to quit or not to quit, and when, in a disagreement over policy is a dilemma not confined to people in government. But it is particularly painful for the dissident officeholder: Would he have a better chance of making his case by staying on as a good team player and fighting for his ideas from within? Or would it be more effective to carry his battle to the world?

In nations with parliamentary systems, resignation from high office on a matter of principle is common. If a Cabinet member disagrees with his Prime Minister on a basic issue of policy, he normally quits and tells why. Thus, Britain's former Foreign Secretary George Brown resigned his portfolio in 1968, complaining about what he thought was Prime Minister Harold Wilson's high-handed one-man rule. Some years earlier, Wilson himself left Clement Attlee's regime in protest against an emphasis on arms over social welfare. Anthony Eden suffered similar Cabinet defections as a result of his Suez policy in 1956, even as, nearly 20 years earlier, he had repudiated Neville Chamberlain's appeasement of Mussolini by his own resignation. The British have probably best refined the notion of principled resignation—there have been more than 70 such Cabinet departures in this century. But it is also widely practiced on the Continent.

In the U.S. the concept has never taken firm hold. Indeed, it is less common today than it was half a century ago, when William Jennings Bryan so strongly disagreed with Woodrow Wilson's hostile policy toward Imperial Germany that he resigned as Secretary of State. While there have been a few low-level resignations on political principle from the Nixon Administration, no one at the Cabinet or sub-Cabinet level has left. The last Cabinet official to leave in protest and say why was onetime Labor Secretary Martin Durkin; in 1953, after less than nine months in office, he resigned because President Eisenhower refused to support his proposed amendments to the Taft-Hartley Act.

Discretion and Soft Exits

The difference between European and American practice on political resignations is largely constitutional. In Britain, for example, a Cabinet member is appointed by the Prime Minister, but he is basically responsible to his own constituency and Parliament itself. If he quits or is sacked by the Prime Minister, he still has a seat on the back benches from which he can work against government policies. The American Cabinet member, by contrast, owes his allegiance and loyalty primarily to the President; he has no political platform from which to oppose policies he disapproves. Moreover, unlike his European counterpart, he has no chance at all of bringing down the government.

As a result, high Government officials in the U.S. tend to hang on to office grimly, despite their disagreements. Dedicated to consensus politics, not ideology, they seem to be horrified at the thought of rock-

ing the boat or making a scene. When men do quit eventually on principle, they usually tiptoe out on stocking feet, leaving behind bouquets, smiles and warm letters. That is how Dean Acheson bowed out as Under Secretary of the Treasury in 1933 after a dispute with F.D.R. over fiscal policy. Roosevelt was properly appreciative. Some years later, when another official left with less discretion, sending the White House a sharp criticism of the President's policies, Roosevelt returned the letter with the tart suggestion that the man ought to "ask Dean Acheson how a gentleman resigns."

Many of those who stay believe that they can bring the President around to their view. Lyndon Johnson's second Defense Secretary, Clark Clifford, is proof of the value of boring from within. Coming into office only ten months before L.B.J.'s term ended, Clifford soon became convinced that the Government's Viet Nam policy was a disaster. Eventually he persuaded the President to stop the bombing of North Viet Nam and start de-escalation. To many, resignation is simply unrealistic. Responding to students who wanted him to resign as a protest against Nixon's Cambodian foray, Dr. Roger Egeberg, HEW's Assistant Secretary for Health and Scientific Affairs, was totally matter-of-fact: "What on earth good do you think a resignation does?" he asked. "It would be like a moth in a flame, hardly remembered the next day."

The Effectiveness Trap

Nonetheless, there is also what Harvard Historian James Thomson Jr. calls "the effectiveness trap." Many officials decide to stay in office to combat presidential policies—only to wake up one day and discover that they have had no tangible effect whatsoever. In the Johnson Administration, for example, Under Secretary of State George Ball came to be accepted as the house dove, the devil's advocate who could be counted upon to present all the opposing arguments to the prevailing course on the war. While Ball presented his case forcefully, his counsel was more often than not discounted even before it was given. Johnson even referred to him affectionately as "Mr. Stop-the-Bombing."

It can be argued that Ball and other officials who were apparently against a hard-line policy—such as Adlai Stevenson and Arthur Goldberg—may have prevented an even more hawkish stance by their dissenting presence. But their resignations might have had a greater impact. How to choose? Lord Caradon, Britain's Ambassador to the U.N., proposes these criteria for the resignation of a Cabinet member: 1) he must be directly involved in a policy that he opposes, 2) he has suggested a viable alternative that has been rejected, 3) the issue is a continuing one.

The sad truth is that the man who stays to fight runs the great risk of losing both his case and his honor. Moreover, resignation need not necessarily mean oblivion. Even without a political base in Congress, the dissenter can find ample opportunity, thanks to modern media, to explain his position—and should do so, at the risk of seeming ungentlemanly. Looking back, Veteran Diplomat Robert Murphy could recall only one occasion when he thought he should have resigned. The single instance was the Berlin Blockade of 1948-49, which he thought the U.S. should have challenged more vigorously. "My resignation almost certainly would not have affected events," he writes in regret, "but if I had resigned, I would feel better today about my own part in that episode."

In the long run, the country would probably feel better, too, if a few more people were ready to quit for their convictions. It might be a little unsettling. But it could have a tonic effect on American politics, for it would give people the assurance that men who stay truly believe in what they are doing.



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THE WORLD

Middle East: In Cold Blood

In the Middle East's unending war of strike and counterstrike, some of the cruelest blows in recent months have been falling on civilians. Israeli jets accidentally bombed an Egyptian industrial plant at Abu Zabal in February, killing 80 workers. Two months later, 30 Egyptian children died when Israeli planes hit a building at Bahr el Bakr that they believed to be a military installation. On Israel's Lebanese frontier, hit-and-run raids by Arab guerrillas have killed eight Israelis and wounded 30 in recent weeks, most of them civilians. Two weeks ago, in an effort to silence such attacks, Israeli jets and armor swept into Lebanon on a 34-hour punitive raid. The attack was condemned by the United Nations Security Council, 11 to 0, with four abstentions. The Council, heavily weighted with Arab sympathizers, ignored a U.S. argument that attacks from both sides should be noted.

Last week, in what was nothing less than a calculated act of vengeance, Arab guerrillas slipped over the Lebanese border into Israel near a village called Baram. Judging from the tracks they left, there appeared to be eight of them. Hiding in a clump of bushes beside a road 500 yards from the border, the guerrillas allowed a military patrol to pass. Then came a target more to their taste—a bright yellow school bus on its customary morning run, packed with five-to-eight-year-olds from a *moshav*, or cooperative farm, called Avivim. When the bus slowed for a turn in the road, the Arabs attacked.

At pointblank range, scarcely 20

yards, the guerrillas fired three U.S.-made 82-mm. bazooka shells. They could hardly miss. One shell exploded above the driver's seat; he was killed instantly but clung grotesquely to the wheel as the bus swayed another 60 yards down the road. The other shells hit the body of the vehicle, tearing out the floor and spraying the occupants with shrapnel. Bodies, bookbags and lunch boxes were strewn around the wreckage. Two teachers and seven children died instantly; another student and teacher died later, and the remaining 20 aboard the bus were all wounded. Nor did the toll end there. Shortly afterward, five parents speeding to see their children in the hospital were injured when the truck carrying them overturned. An Israeli army officer scouting for the guerrillas lost a foot when he stumbled into a mine-field.

Murder, Not War. The shelling was Israel's worst civilian catastrophe since the Six-Day War, and the nation responded with grief and anger. "This is murder, not war," protested an army doctor working on the victims. A group known as the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine-General Command, headed by Ahmed Jibril, a 35-year-old former army officer, quickly claimed credit for the attack. The same group also boasted three months ago of engineering the mid-air explosion of an Israel-bound Swiss jet in which 47 died. Jibril wired Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser last week that the bus attack was revenge for the Israeli air raid at Bahr el Bakr. But Al-Fatah,

largest of the Arab commando organizations, criticized the guerrilla group, and declared that its own policy prohibited deliberate attacks on civilians.

Wise Exodus. Israeli officials are not likely to allow the attackers to go unpunished. In an official expression of shock and sympathy, Premier Golda Meir described the ambush as "an act done in cold blood." Deputy Premier Yigal Allon, attending funeral services for the victims, warned the Arab commandos pointedly: "The arm of Israel's army is very long and its blows are heavy, and those responsible for this crime will pay for it." Shortly after the bus attack, Israeli artillery on the border began to shell the Lebanese villages of Bint Jbeil, Yarloun, Aitaroun and Blida across the frontier from the site of the attack. Lebanon reported 13 civilians killed in the barrage, 32 wounded and 83 houses hit. Crowds of Lebanese took to the roads, joining refugees still homeless after the Israeli reprisal raid of two weeks ago. Their exodus may prove a wise move, for Israel's anguished reaction makes it virtually certain that still stronger blows will be forthcoming in the days ahead.

Of Mosques and MIGs

When Westerners besieged him during a recent party in Cairo with questions about Moscow's growing military role in Egypt, Soviet Ambassador Sergei Vinogradov replied in French, with just three words: "*Défense, défense, défense.*" The Israelis do not see it quite that way. They argue that hundreds of Russian pilots and planes, along with dozens of sophisticated Soviet-manned SA-3 missiles, have largely relieved Egypt of the burden of defending its

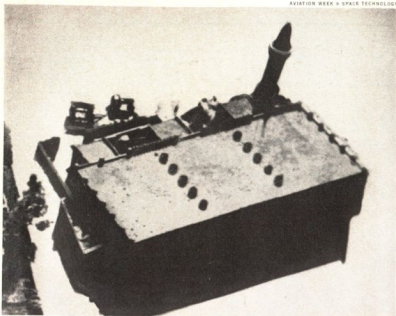


REMOVING BODIES OF ISRAELI CHILDREN



SCHOOL BUS FOLLOWING ATTACK

Passing up the military patrol for a target more to their liking.



What appears to be a mosque in this Israeli reconnaissance photo printed by *Aviation Week & Space Technology* is actually a camouflaged hangar. Mindful that Israel was able to win the Six-Day War in

1967 largely by finding and destroying Egyptian aircraft on the ground, Soviet advisers have ordered at least 450 concrete "hangarettes" for aircraft that are being flown by Russian or Egyptian pilots.

own skies, enabling Cairo to devote all its offensive attention to Israel.

Missiles at Aswan. Hoping to persuade Washington at that point, Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban flew to the U.S. last week to renew a request for 25 Phantom jets and 100 Skyhawks. Premier Golda Meir requested the planes during her Washington visit last September, but President Nixon deferred action two months ago because, he said, Israel already had air superiority without them. Seeking to reverse that decision, Eban noted that as many as 250 Soviet pilots are flying late model MIG-21s in Egypt, and that the Russians have emplaced 25 advanced SAM missiles around the Aswan High Dam, the port of Alexandria and the Egyptian air force base at Cairo West. Strengthening Eban's case still further, *Aviation Week & Space Technology* last week carried photographs of concrete hangarettes, some camouflaged to resemble mosques, from which the Russian MIGs are flying. The magazine also printed a map showing construction sites for the SAMs spaced at 71-mile intervals all along the western bank of the Suez Canal.

Many Westerners consider it unlikely that the Soviets really intend to invite Israeli attacks by moving so close to the canal. Normally, the SA-3s and their systems are housed in two low, rectangular, 40-ft.-long buildings that hold missiles, computers, radar and other electronic controls. One radar system, which requires a 65-ft. tower, is code-named "Squat Eye" by NATO; another is called "Low Blow." Both are fully visible from the air, and also are detectable by elec-

tronic reconnaissance. Yet neither Israeli recon flights nor U.S. electronic snooping devices have so far uncovered evidence of missile sites along the canal. Moreover, there are indications that the Russians are having difficulties with the SA-3s that have already been placed in position in the rear; they are intricate devices that have never been fired in combat, and there are signs that the Soviets have had difficulty calibrating them properly.

Finally, there is no tactical reason for the Russians to risk installing SA-3s along the canal. They have accomplished their objective—neutralizing Israeli raids into Egypt, building up Egyptian defenses and binding the Arabs even more closely to Moscow—with the missiles that are already in place in the interior of Egypt. To send SAMs or pilots to the 25-mile strip west of the canal, over which Israel has proclaimed air superiority, would be to risk a military confrontation that Russians are not believed to want.

For those reasons, Eban got a mixed reception in Washington. The Pentagon is convinced that the Soviet threat in Egypt is real, and is anxious to provide Israel with additional jets. The State Department, worried about the low estate of the U.S. in oil-rich Arab lands, is skeptical. In a 90-minute visit with Secretary of State Rogers, Eban was unable to overcome that feeling. As a result of this division, the White House will likely delay its decision for weeks or months. Though Nixon did see Eban for 50 minutes, it was mostly to help the Israelis save face.

The Lion's

THE summer session of Israel's parliament had hardly come to order for the first time last week when a page delivered a handwritten note to Speaker Reuven Barkat. "For some time I have not been able to come to Knesset sessions," read the familiar scrawl, "and I do not see any possibility in the future, either, of taking part. I am not entitled to bear the name of Knesset member if I cannot fulfill my obligation to participate, and I hereby submit my resignation." Thus did David Ben-Gurion, seated in the Knesset's first row, announce the end of a half-century political career at the age of 83.

Ben-Gurion's Polish-born wife Paula, who died in 1968, once said: "Anyone can be a Prime Minister, but not everyone can be a Ben-Gurion." Her husband, whose last name literally means "son of a lion cub," was Israel's principal founder in 1948; he chose the name of the new country, served as its Premier for its first 15 years and, as "B-G," became a stern, uncompromising but well-loved father figure. Since 1965, however, he has become less and less active in politics.

After a dry-eyed departure from the Knesset, Ben-Gurion returned to the cool of his Tel Aviv home to reminisce with TIME Correspondent Marlin Levin about his long career. Ben-Gurion professed himself generally satisfied with his life. But the old man, who will spend most of his time on his Sde Boker kibbutz in the Negev, confided that he had found work on the land more fulfilling than statecraft. Among his reflections:

ON ISRAEL'S BIRTH: When I made the declaration that there would be a state, America placed an embargo on us. We were helped only by the Russians. It's unbelievable today, and they deny it. But they stood with us before the state was established. They gave us arms, not from Russia, but from Czechoslovakia. Of course I knew the reason why. They wanted to get rid of the British. But I didn't care what the reason was.

ON SOVIET POLICY: They want to get the two oceans, the Atlantic and the Pacific. So first of all they must have the Mediterranean, and it is not easy to get that without the Arabs. They want the Arabs, but not because they like Arabs. I do not think they are interested in destroying Israel, because if they do, the Arabs will not need them.

ON CHINA: China has so many people, and when the Chinese have the same weapons as the Americans and Russians, they will be the only power in the world. China has a reason to be against the Russians, because they took 800,000 square miles away from China. Unless Russia gives back the land, I'm absolutely certain there will be a war, and then Russia will no longer be a major power.

Last Roll Call

ON PEACE: I consider peace more important than territory. The area we had before the Six-Day War would be enough to take in all the Jews. For peace, I would be for giving back all the captured areas, with the exception of Jerusalem and the Golan Heights. We have plenty of space for another five or six million Jews [Israel's present Jewish pop. is 2,550,000]. I don't believe that all Jews will settle in Israel—unless the Messiah comes. But we do need another five or six million.

ON EGYPT AND NASSER: There are many intelligent people in Egypt, but they know that under the present regime they cannot change anything. There must be a new regime.

ON OTHER STATESMEN: I wouldn't have elected Eisenhower—all his work was done by Dulles and Sherman Adams, and he did nothing—but he was the nicest man I ever met. Truman was a very good man. Kennedy, too. Kennedy came to see me before he was elected. I looked at his face and thought, "My God, he looks like a boy of 25! Can he be President?" So I didn't take him seriously. If Johnson had not had this business of Viet Nam, America would be the nicest country in the world. I think we have done De Gaulle a great injustice. The question is not whether he likes Jews. He saved France.

ON RETIREMENT: I was writing the history of the state, but I came to the conclusion that one should not write the history of his time. You cannot know all the facts, and you shouldn't write it if you were mixed up in it. So I decided to write merely memoirs. I have written up to the year 1933 so far, and it is already 1,000 pages. The next chapters will be bigger. There was more action.

DAVID RUBINER



BEN-GURION AT TEL AVIV HOME



SOUTH VIETNAMESE TANK IN EASTERN CAMBODIA

Cambodia: Toward War by Proxy

ONCE the Communists and their supplies have been rooted out of their Cambodian sanctuaries, Richard Nixon said four weeks ago, "we will withdraw." The 14,000 American G.I.s now in Cambodia will come out by June 30, as advertised. But what about the South Vietnamese, who have repeatedly boasted that they have "no deadline"? By last week it seemed clear not only that thousands of South Vietnamese soldiers would remain on Cambodian soil, but also that the whole Cambodian venture was evolving into what amounts to a war by proxy.

There was, to be sure, no announcement of Saigon's post-withdrawal plans from the Administration, which has its hands full with a widening political war at home (see THE NATION). But there were no denials that the U.S. is quietly encouraging a continued campaign against the Communists in Cambodia, to be fought by troops from Saigon and possibly other Asian capitals and supported by U.S. logistics.

Saigon is openly jubilant over the situation. Its troops were already ranging far and wide in Cambodia, where its total strength jumped last week from 21,000 troops to more than 40,000, the equivalent of 3½ divisions. One ARVN (Army of the Republic of Viet Nam) marine unit was actually within three miles of Phnom-Penh, the Cambodian capital, while tank units sped across the Cambodian countryside, seizing Communist-held towns. Acting more like conquerors than allies, ARVN soldiers often treated Phnom-Penh's troops with condescension and even contempt. "I'm thinking of disarming the Cambodians," joked Lieut. General Do Cao Tri, the ARVN boss in

the Parrot's Beak sanctuary, "because one of these days they're going to lose all their weapons to the Viet Cong." Said another South Vietnamese officer: "The Cambodians are good people, but they have been asleep too long. They need help and more military training. Even their uniforms do not match."

New Battleground. The widening war involved more than a little irony. Though the search for Communist supplies went on, the business of "cleaning out" the sanctuaries (see box, page 27) reverted almost to a sideshow. Cambodia itself had become the main arena. Two months ago, when Premier Lon Nol and Deputy Premier Sirik Matak overthrew Prince Norodom Sihanouk, one of their major objectives was to rid the country of Communist Vietnamese troops. Now the Vietnamese loyal to Hanoi are outnumbered in Cambodia by Vietnamese loyal to Saigon, and the country of 7,000,000 has become a battleground for the warring outsiders.

The allies have inflicted severe losses on the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong. In barely three weeks of fighting, according to the Saigon command, the Communists have suffered 8,541 killed out of an original force of 40,000 men in Cambodia (v. 191 U.S. and 508 South Vietnamese dead). Of course, estimates of North Vietnamese and Viet Cong casualties could turn out to be grossly inflated; if they were even close to correct, however, they would represent a serious manpower loss of 20%. The survivors seemed to be retreating into three widely separated areas:

► In the north, some 5,000 Communist troops continued to battle for control of Kompung Cham and other towns

along the Mekong, the Tonle Kong and the Tonle Sap—main arteries of the riverine network by which badly needed supplies could be brought down from North Viet Nam.

► In the south, a force of some 10,000 Communists roamed around Kampot province, menacing highways to Phnom-Penh and attempting to open routes for supply by sea through the ports of Kep and Kampot.

► In the west, the Communists were staging their most disturbing effort. In small bands that have been stealing west past Phnom-Penh since mid-April, an estimated 10,000 enemy troops have gathered in two areas: Tonle Sap, the largest fresh-water lake in Southeast Asia, and the Cardamom Mountains.

On paper, huge hunks of Cambodia appear to be under Hanoi's control (see map). The Communist Vietnamese still appeared able to roam almost at will over much of Cambodia. Last week, however, it sometimes seemed as if the place were being overrun by men from Saigon. No fewer than 20 South Vietnamese military men checked into Phnom-Penh's Hotel Royal and set up a sophisticated communications center in Room 30. The red and yellow flag of South Viet Nam flew from the portico of a two-story building where Saigon last month established its first diplomatic mission since Sihanouk severed relations seven years ago.

Nine Dragons. In the Cambodian countryside, ARVN's 40,000 troops were the biggest armed force around—except for Phnom-Penh's own ragtag army of 150,000, most of whom undergo no more than a few days of training before being sent against seasoned Communist troops. Lancing deep into two previously untouched Communist areas, ARVN troops opened the twelfth and 13th fronts of the border campaign. Northwest of Saigon, 5,000 ARVN troops on Operation Pacific West III rode tanks and helicopters into a North Vietnamese base opposite the Central Highlands. Far to the south, another 10,000 ARVN soldiers headed into Cambodia's delta region in "Operation Nine Dragons," so named because it is there that the brown Mekong splits into nine branches on its way to the sea.

On Cambodia's broad flatlands, ARVN commanders could wage a conventional, European-style war of maneuver, using textbook tactics that the Communists

chose not to test in determined combat. Only four days after Nine Dragons began, ARVN General Ngo Dzu's armored columns had effortlessly swept light Viet Cong forces from the towns of Takeo and Kompung Trach and the key ports of Kep and Kampot. Equally facile was ARVN Task Force 318's high-speed dash 75 miles down Highway 1 toward Phnom-Penh. TIME Correspondent John Mulliken joined General Tri as he directed the drive alternately from his helicopter and the map-and-radio-filled command armored personnel carrier. Reported Mulliken: "Smashing through

morning with a message addressed to Americans: "South Vietnamese soldiers have committed cruel acts on the Cambodian population—pillaging, violations of women, burning, killing. Now they do not want to leave our territory." Officials claimed that the signs were the work of Viet Cong sympathizers—though the Phnom-Penh regime has so aroused anti-Vietnamese feelings in recent weeks that almost anyone could have been responsible.

The worst foul-up occurred at the Mekong town of Kompung Cham, where Communists and Cambodians had been battling for several days. During the fighting, South Vietnamese A-1 Sky-raid-ers swooped down on the wrong side, killing ten Cambodians.

Confident and even cocky, ARVN officers have begun to sound like Americans discussing the vicissitudes of the Vietnamization program. One senior South Vietnamese officer told TIME Correspondent James Willwerth: "The Cambodians wanted us to do their fighting for them. I said to one general, 'Sir, if you are not willing to fight for yourselves, we will not do your fighting for you.' Then I realized that this is what the Americans had been saying to us—and suddenly I am very ashamed. We, too, must fight our own battles."

Naive Suggestions. More and more, it seems clear that many of those battles will be fought on Cambodian soil. Speaking in Saigon last week, Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky openly jeered at the idea that ARVN "has to withdraw" when the Americans do. Said Ky: "These are naive suggestions coming from naive people. Our armed forces are strong enough to carry on independent operations on Cambodian as well as Vietnamese territory."

Elaborating on that point, President Nguyen Van Thieu told TIME Correspondent Dan Coggins: "We cannot stay too long over there. Yet in the long run, we may also have to help them to prepare to defend themselves." Moreover, said Thieu, "if we continue to discover caches, we must stay there to clean up. We cannot let them go back to the Viet Cong." When asked whether the Cambodian incursion would set back the enemy by as much as six months or even a year, Thieu replied: "Oh, more than that, more than that. They can still infiltrate from the North, but it will not be enough to sustain the momentum of the war."

Suggested Scenario. Actually, there is plenty of reason to believe that the last thing the U.S. wants is to pull ARVN back from Cambodia. The country would probably fall to the Communists in short order if it were left to fight the Communists on its own. One scenario suggested by observers: The U.S. formally asks South Viet Nam to withdraw its troops by June 30. Thieu refuses, thereby guaranteeing continued ARVN support for the Lon Nol regime, while disassociating the U.S. from any further violation of Cambodian "neutral-



villages, overrunning the enemy even before he could complete his L-shaped trenches, Tri's tanks and APCs outran their American advisers (limited to 21.7 miles by Nixon), their U.S. air support and even their own artillery. Someone laughed at one point: "If you hurry, General, you can take Phnom-Penh before dark." Tri smiled past his long, Abe Abrams-style cigar and said: "Phnom-Penh is not in my AO [area of operations]." To avoid untoward incidents, Saigon has ordered its commanders to approach no closer than three miles to the Cambodian capital.

Flare-Ups and Foul-Ups. Some flare-ups were inevitable—and some foul-ups. In Phnom-Penh, hand-lettered signs were pasted to several buildings one

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Just How Important Are Those Caches?

WE'RE getting all the feathers," said a frustrated U.S. army officer in Cambodia's jungled Fishhook sanctuary last week, "but we still haven't got the bird." The elusive bird is COSVN, the Communists' celebrated Central Office for South Viet Nam, and it has flown the coop every time the allies have gotten close. Pressed for the latest news on the hunt, an Administration aide wryly told reporters: "We found something that looks like this, but we aren't sure what it is." Then, deadpan, he picked up a writing pad and sketched a large five-sided building that strikingly resembled the Pentagon.

Despite the impression that the Communists run their war from some sort of E-Ring in the jungles, COSVN is actually a staff of some 2,400 people who are widely dispersed and highly mobile—too mobile to please a U.S. brigade that has been toiling in fruitless quest of COSVN for three weeks. Says a weary intelligence analyst: "We're still looking for the guy in the COSVN T shirt."

If any COSVN Communist were to wear that T shirt, it would be a somewhat arid fellow code-named "R." Pham Hung, as he is otherwise known, is a Ho Chi Minh protégé who has been headman at COSVN since 1967. It is no surprise that "R" is hard to find; he is said to travel constantly between COSVN's different units by motor bike. Two weeks ago, U.S. troops came close to capturing an important element of the headquarters. Acting on a tip, two infantry battalions raced to a bunker complex near Mimot, only to find the place all but deserted. One wounded Communist who had been left behind told about the staff's "getting on their bi-

cycles and Hondas and riding off" the day before. Left behind were five mimeograph machines, six typewriters and two rubber stamps, one of which bore the seal of the chairman of the National Liberation Front.

If COSVN has proved maddeningly miragelike, the Communist caches sprinkled throughout the sanctuaries have been very real. The question is: What is the true value of the mounds of supplies being unearthed in the sanctuaries? Officials from Washington to Saigon argue persuasively that the allies have set back the Communists by six months to a year. Certainly, a case can be made that the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong have suffered a severe re-



"NO, HANSON, YOU DIDN'T FIND A BOX OF BULLETS AND TWO BAGS OF RICE. YOU CAPTURED AN AMMO DUMP AND A SUPPLY DEPOT."

versal merely because they know that their sanctuaries are no longer immune. But as for the statistics being churned out by the clipboard-toting cache counters now roaming the sanctuaries, their importance is clouded by two facts: 1) nobody knows how much the Communists had stashed away to begin with; 2) as yet, the allies have managed to search only 5% of the 7,000 sq. mi. of borderlands. In some cases, the numbers are downright misleading. Items:

- The 11,805 rifles, pistols and sub-machine guns captured so far could equip 33 Communist battalions, as the military says. But the 126 battalions in the lower half of South Viet Nam that rely on the caches are already fully equipped. Also, most of the rifles are dated SKS models that were replaced by the AK-47 two years ago.

- The 13,334 tons of captured rice could feed 90,000 troops for 50 days. But much more than that has been captured in each of the last three years with no apparent effect on the enemy.

- The 1,700 tons of captured ammunition is a huge haul. Yet two-thirds of it is .51-cal. ammunition used for antiaircraft purposes; the small-arms ammunition used by the average paddy-field-variety Viet Cong totals only 75 tons.

The first official intelligence estimate, moreover, was that the captured ammo amounted to a week's supply, based on a use rate of 17 tons per battalion per month. A few days later, as if by magic, the estimated use rate was said to be one ton of such ammunition per battalion per month. By such judicious juggling, intelligence analysts overnight increased the value of the haul to an admirable 41 month supply.

CHINA

Back in the Arena

When Mao Tse-tung loosed the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution on his land in May 1966, China all but ceased to practice an active foreign policy. So complete was Peking's withdrawal from the international arena as it struggled to cope with its domestic convulsions that all but one of its 42 ambassadors were called home. To this day, only 21 have been replaced.

Now China is emerging from its internal preoccupations—with a vengeance. Mao last week issued a rare personal statement calling for a worldwide "revolutionary struggle against U.S. imperialism and its lackeys." Flanked by his heir apparent, Lin Biao, and by Cambodia's deposed Chief of State, Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the Chairman appeared on the red-lacquered rostrum in Peking's Tienanmen Square

ity." The U.S. throws up its hands, noting that it cannot order its allies about—but also points out that such a feisty show of independence is heartening proof that Vietnamization is really working. As of last week, the U.S. had not even brought up the subject of withdrawal plans with the South Vietnamese. Saigon and Phnom-Penh, moreover, are close to an agreement on military aid. Under the terms, Saigon would at the very minimum help train Cambodian troops and provide ARVN forces to help secure the highway approaches to Phnom-Penh.

Other Asian countries are also expected to aid Cambodia. The Thais are extremely uneasy about the Communists who are seeking refuge in the Cardamom Mountains along their eastern border, and they are sending a 30-man delegation to Phnom-Penh this week to size up Cambodia's needs. Indonesia and South Korea may also

lend a hand. As for the U.S., Administration spokesmen insist that Washington will stick to its pledge to avoid direct support of the Lon Nol regime. Still there were suspicions that the U.S. would provide air support beyond June 30.

Low-Key Celebration. In some quarters, including the U.S. State Department, there is deep concern that prolonged ARVN involvement in Cambodia could eventually upset Vietnamization. The Communists, meanwhile, have yet to substantiate a related criticism—that the Cambodian operation will directly imperil South Viet Nam. Across South Viet Nam last week, the enemy did try to mount a special one-day "high point" with rocket and mortar attacks on 64 towns and outposts. But even with nearly 60,000 U.S. and ARVN troops off in Cambodia, the sputtering high added up to a very low-key celebration of Ho Chi Minh's 80th birthday.

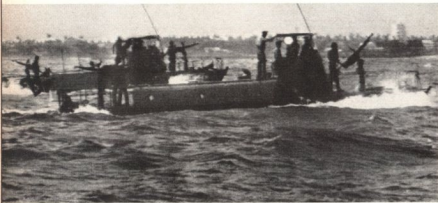
during a mass rally protesting the U.S. role in Indochina. His statement, which was read to the throng by Lin, claimed that the U.S. had been reduced to "utter chaos at home and extreme isolation abroad." In a rare use of first-person language, Mao's statement went on: "I am convinced that the American people who are fighting valiantly will ultimately win victory and that the fascist rule in the U.S. will inevitably be defeated." In the meantime, Mao & Co. demonstrated their opposition to U.S. "aggression" in Cambodia by calling off an ambassadorial-level meeting with the Americans in Warsaw.

Fat Revisionist. Earlier this year, China slowly began repairing bridges burned during the Cultural Revolution. As often as not, Peking's maneuvers were designed to steal a march on Moscow. Two months ago, Premier Chou En-lai flew to Pyongyang to embrace North Korean leader Kim Il Sung, who had been branded a "fat revisionist" by Mao-

between conservatives who favor political consolidation and radicals who, like Mao's wife Chiang Ching, think even more veteran officials should be purged to admit younger activists to power.

China's scientific community is also recovering from the dislocations of the Cultural Revolution. In the wake of China's first satellite launching, experts concluded that Peking may be closer to the ICBM stage than anybody had suspected. Pentagon officials estimate that the Chinese may well be able to test an intercontinental missile within a few months.

This prediction is bolstered by an increasing Chinese naval interest in Tanzania, where President Julius Nyerere last month laid the foundation stone for a Chinese-built naval base at Dar es Salaam. The Indian Ocean waters off Tanzania are a natural splashdown area for ICBMs as natural offshoots of western China and over India, and Peking might just be looking to the day when it is ready to monitor a missile test.



TANZANIAN MARINE POLICE ABOARD CHINESE-MADE GUNBOATS
Program to fit the Chairman's view.

ist Red Guards in more extremist years. Peking then agreed to exchange ambassadors with the original revisionist capital, Belgrade.

Peking's most recent demonstration of renewed foreign-policy vigor has been its sponsorship of Prince Sihanouk and his "government" in exile. China's unwontedly fast footwork has left Moscow in a bind. Because Sihanouk's regime was, as U.S. Secretary of State William Rogers put it, "incubated and hatched in Peking," Moscow is reluctant to recognize it. Instead, the Soviets have urged some vague "joint action" by Moscow and Peking in Indochina. The Chinese were having none of that, so the Russians last week countered with a concerted attack on Mao and his policies.

Missile Capability. Behind China's more energetic foreign forays is the pragmatic Chou En-lai. Chou's success in engineering a return to even relative domestic stability has apparently relieved the leadership of some of its internal pre-occupations and given it enough confidence to look outward and score some successes. The untiring Premier seems to be winning the still unresolved struggle

SOVIET UNION

Repression with Flowers

Can there still be doubts that Russia has shed its brutal Stalinist past? Not after what happened last week. In the course of arresting a noted Soviet author, two carloads of tough KGB (secret police) agents stopped everything, piled out of their autos and waded into a field to pick bunches of wild lilacs. Dissidents may be tossed into prison or insane asylums under Leonid Brezhnev's regime, but this is repression with hearts and flowers.

Or is it? Andrei Amalric, the defiant young writer who was the object of the KGB's attention, may not feel quite so cheerful about it. Amalric, 32, is the author of *Will the Soviet Union Survive Until 1984?*, which openly predicts the downfall of the Soviet system (TIME, Dec. 19). Ever since the book was published in the West earlier this year, observers of the Moscow scene have wondered how he managed to avoid arrest. One unlovely theory was that Amalric was part of a KGB plot to infiltrate the dissident Soviet intellectual community.

"The subject of my possible arrest," complained Amalric, "has become the litmus test of whether or not I am a KGB agent."

Combative Nature. One morning last week, the KGB silenced Amalric's detractors. Four cars bearing a total of 14 men pulled up outside the author's country cottage near the village of Akulovo, 85 miles southeast of Moscow. Two men knocked on the door. They wanted to inquire, they explained, whether Amalric and his beautiful Tartar wife Giselle planned to vote in the next elections. Once inside, the two identified themselves as KGB agents and beckoned to their twelve colleagues.

True to his combative nature, Amalric insisted on his right to examine the credentials of each of the KGB officers. He also studied the arrest warrant, and when he detected an incorrect date for his birthday, he said jokingly: "You see, you have the wrong man." Amalric learned that half of the agents were from the Siberian border city of Sverdlovsk, where a copy of his book, which was circulating in typed form via the *Samizdat* underground press, had been confiscated by the authorities.

After an hour, the Moscow agents decided to take Amalric to the capital, where he has one room in a crowded communal apartment. Protesting that he had a right to be present while his cottage was being searched, Amalric refused to budge. Two KGB men lifted him up by the arms and led him away.

The remaining agents went through the cottage and confiscated 30 items. One was a Dutch edition in Russian of Amalric's book, which one arresting officer ominously referred to as "a slanderous fabrication." Another was an inoperable old hunting rifle, for which Amalric had no license—an offense punishable in the Soviet Union by up to two years in prison.

It was on the road back to Moscow that the KGB men spotted the field of lilacs and filled the trunk of one of the autos with them. When they came to a town, one of the officers suggested to Giselle that she buy some food for her husband. "He'll need it where he's going," said the KGB man solicitously.

When Giselle returned to Moscow, Amalric and his captors were still in his room, where the agents seized another long list of items. Among them were five unpublished plays that figured in his 1965 conviction as a "parasite"; he spent 21 years in Siberian exile then. The Moscow KGB agents refused to let him accept the food Giselle had bought. Said Amalric to his wife: "Goodbye, and don't worry, little woman. Stay well."

By week's end Giselle had not yet been told where her husband is being held or the nature of the charges against him. The most likely indictment: engaging in anti-Soviet propaganda—an offense that carries a maximum term of seven years in prison and an additional five years in exile.

GERMANY

Setback for Ostpolitik

German unity is a possibility, nothing more but nothing less.

With those words, West German Chancellor Willy Brandt last January sought to underscore the uncertain outlook for his celebrated *Ostpolitik*, whose aim is to close the gap between the two halves of the divided nation. Last week, after a one-day summit meeting with East German Premier Willi Stoph in the West German city of Kassel, even that cautious phraseology seemed too optimistic. The results of the Kassel conference, Brandt conceded sadly, "prove once more how deep is the trench between the two parts of Germany."

If anything, the trench seemed deeper than ever. One reason is that East Germany's Communist Boss Walter Ulbricht fears that closer relations with West Germany might undermine his regime's grip on its 17 million walled-in inhabitants. That anxiety was buttressed only two months ago when Brandt drew spontaneous cheers from East German bystanders on his arrival in Erfurt for the first meeting between the leaders of the two Germanys. Last week, as Stoph came to Kassel for the second session, the Communists clearly were determined to outshine Brandt's reception.

Arrogant Demands.

Though West Germany's Communist Party has only about 25,000 members, many of them apparently were bused into Kassel. They were joined by several hundred East Germans who crossed the border for the day. As Stoph drove with Brandt along a 13-mile route to the conference site in Kassel's Schloss Hotel, he was greeted by a sea of red flags, cheers and shouts of "Recognition now!" Rightists whistled and hooted at Stoph, but they were outnumbered more than 10 to 1 by the 8,000 or so Communist demonstrators.

As Brandt delivered his opening remarks, an aide handed Stoph a note reporting that an East German flag had been torn down from a flagpole by demonstrators. Obviously prepared, Stoph rudely interrupted Brandt and read a typed statement protesting his treatment. Brandt, ruffled, continued his speech, spelling out his familiar proposal for closer economic and cultural ties between the two Germanys. Then, in a dramatic gesture, he recommended that Bonn and East Berlin exchange representatives of ministerial rank, and that both Germanys seek separate representation in international organizations. His only condition was that both Bonn and

East Berlin continue to regard themselves as parts of a single German nation.

In a 22-page riposte, Stoph ripped apart the underlying assumption of Brandt's *Ostpolitik*—that small steps in minor matters could ultimately lead to a rapprochement. Deriding Brandt's "arrogant demands," Stoph declared that East Germans would settle for nothing less than immediate diplomatic recognition. Stoph also rejected Brandt's thesis that two German states could exist within a single German nation.

Moscow's Order. After lunch Stoph was scheduled to place a wreath on the monument to Nazi victims in the center of town, but West German authorities were forced to cancel the ceremony because of unruly, Communist-dominated crowds. Fearful that the con-



STOPH & BRANDT AT HOTEL IN KASSEL
How deep the trench.

ference would end in a complete fiasco, a visibly nervous Brandt apologized for the crowd's behavior. Later, in a give-and-take session, Brandt volunteered that Bonn would eventually "solve" East Germany's demand for recognition if Ulbricht & Co. would only respond to his offers of closer ties. Though Stoph was unresponsive, he declared on his return to East Berlin that his regime would be willing to continue the talks, possibly in autumn in East Germany.

Stoph's announcement reflected orders that he and Ulbricht received two weeks ago when they flew to Moscow to confer with Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev. The Soviets have just concluded five months of exploratory talks with the West Germans. The Russians, who hope to gain economic advantages from a deal with Bonn, do not want the East Germans to chill the diplomatic climate by breaking off contact at the very moment the Soviets are preparing to start negotiations with Brandt's government.

BRITAIN

The Lesser Evil?

Officially, the campaign had not even begun, but the snipers were already at work. The Labor Party's sharpshooters opened their advertising effort with a photo of six figurines, representing Tory leaders, over a headline: YESTERDAY'S MEN—THEY FAILED BEFORE. The Conservatives matched it with a huge photo of an overflowing wastebasket headlined: LABOUR SAY THEY WILL FIGHT ON THEIR RECORD. GOOD. HERE IT IS. Plainly, Britain is in for several weeks of cutting exchanges before the June 18 elections.

At the moment, Labor Prime Minister Harold Wilson holds an edge—a remarkable fact inasmuch as the Tories enjoyed a 26.8% majority in one public opinion poll only last year. At that time Conservative Leader Edward ("Ted") Heath and his party had everything going for them, most notably a sick economy. But as winter melted into spring, some of Labor's economic policies began taking hold. The delayed effects of Wilson's 1967 devaluation of the pound were finally being felt. The hold-down on demand for more consumer products was also making an impact. There was new confidence in the pound, particularly in the wake of France's devaluation and West Germany's revaluation. As a result, the country's chronic balance of payments deficit was turned into a projected \$1.2 billion surplus for 1970. A bullish mood was in the air, and voters began to feel their pocketbooks swelling with widespread wage increases averaging 6% in the past six months alone. The change of British fortunes was soon reflected in local elections and opinion polls.

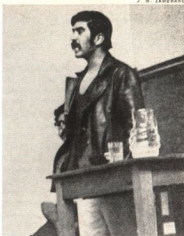
Full of confidence, Wilson last week delivered to Heath a note on his 10 Downing Street writing paper that began teasingly: "Dear Ted, I thought it might be helpful to let you know . . ." Then Wilson drove past the freshly gilded gates of Buckingham Palace in his black Rover to ask the Queen to dissolve Parliament so that the three-week campaign could get under way.

Fading Glitter. Another important factor in Wilson's decision to call elections may well have been that current economic cheeriness may ebb by fall, particularly if Wall Street continues to behave so badly. Inevitably, price increases will follow those glittering wage hikes. April cost-of-living figures, released last week, showed a 2% rise, sharpest for any month in two years. Retail price increases this year will run about 7%. Unemployment, at 2.5% as of last week, is the highest for any May since 1940. In addition, there was the prospect that renewed troubles this summer in Northern Ireland would embarrass Wilson. Until Wilson's Home Secretary, James Callaghan, last week pressured South Africa's all-white Sprinkbok cricket team into canceling its scheduled visit, there was also the likelihood of anti-apartheid protests from



NEW SITE OF THE JANUARY 26 COMMUNE OUTSIDE SANTIAGO

The government cannot ignore it and the police cannot destroy it.



VICTOR TORO

British liberals, which might have stirred up a pro-Tory "law-and-order" vote.

The greatest problem of the Tories is, as usual, Ted Heath. A bachelor at 53, he is hardly a Trudeau-like swinger. The son of a carpenter, he is often put down as an *arriviste* by the snobbish Tory squirearchy, and resented as overly stuffy by workmen. An uninspired orator, he so lacks appeal that he has rarely registered more than 30% approval in the polls. "Despite all the publicity for him," a leading Tory complains, "he still doesn't get across, and he won't get anywhere until he learns to join the human race." Wilson, 54, may strike many Britons as occasionally pompous, but Heath too often comes across as downright prissy; he nearly blushed purple the other day when two twentyish birds stopped him on a street to ask what he intended to do about the exorbitant price of "panty tights." His hobbies are playing classics on the organ, and sailing a sleek racing yacht.

Though Heath cried last week, "We are going to win!" the Tories need an electoral swing of at least 4% in their favor over their 1966 showing. The greatest swing in the last six general elections, however, was only 3.1%, and there are doubts that Heath can retrieve a victory. As Wilson said jestingly in the House of Commons a few weeks ago, "However tired people may be of me, I think most will regard me as the lesser of two evils."

CHILE

A Commune Called Paradise

The cities of Latin America are littered with cardboard and packing-crate shantytowns that house hordes of landless peasants in search of jobs. Usually such squatters' settlements are either deliberately overlooked by officialdom or broken up by police within a few days. In the Chilean capital of Santiago, however, a luxuriantly mustached leftist named Victor Toro, 28, has founded a *población callampa* ("mushroom town")

that the government cannot ignore and the police cannot destroy.

Last Jan. 26, Toro led 3,000 of his followers onto a two-acre patch of land a few miles from Santiago's center. Then he delegated a squad of men and women armed with pistols and machine guns to guard the compound's perimeter and keep the police out. "The police come only to rob, beat or bribe," declared Toro. Impressed by his tough tone, the police kept a respectful distance.

Outside Income. "Our enemies are the national bourgeoisie and *Yanqui* imperialism," Toro announced to his "January 26th Compound," which is also known as the "Paradise Commune." Members adopted an eleven-point code of conduct. Among other things, it forbade fighting, wife-beating, card games and the "capitalist sin" of alcohol. Along with communal chores, members read from the writings of Mao Tse-tung, Fidel Castro and Che Guevara. At least half of Paradise's adults are unemployed, but leaders boasted that funds were coming in from bank robberies. As Toro said: "We do not promise. We do."

At times Toro seemed determined to provoke a police attack. Chilean authorities seemed equally determined to avoid a confrontation, insisting only that the commune move to a new twelve-acre site half a mile away. Officials even promised to build a park and soccer field near by. Nonetheless, violence finally broke out two weeks ago.

A few days after the move to the new site, 200 of Toro's followers attacked and occupied an adjacent bungalow that the police had built as their local headquarters. The crowd wanted it used as a clinic instead, and shouted: "*Policlinica sí, carabinero no*" (Hospital yes, police no). Four hours later, the police returned with reinforcements, and after a barrage of tear gas and a volley of shots recaptured their headquarters. But they refused to pursue their challengers into the commune, even though at least six of its members had been accused of holding up banks. Toro him-

self, charged with harboring bank robbers, had already gone into hiding.

Stoned to Death. The government's reticence in dealing with Toro's brazen band of revolutionaries may be related to the approach of national elections in September. Toro and his followers belong to the *Movimiento de Izquierda Revolucionario*, a radical organization that enjoys the support of no more than 3% of Chile's electorate. But the radicals are symptomatic of a mood of unease that could turn Chile into the hemisphere's first country with a freely elected Communist government.

That would be ironic, for during his six years in office, Christian Democratic President Eduardo Frei has worked harder than any of his predecessors to bring about a social revolution without resorting to violence or relying on Communist techniques. Frei, who cannot succeed himself, has taken over 51% of Anaconda's copper-mining properties in Chile and a similar percentage of the huge El Teniente mine. He has expropriated 20% of the country's irrigated land for the resettlement of 30,000 landless families. And he has tripled the number of schools to include 600,000 more children and 20,000 more teachers. But he has been under constant attack by leftists for doing too little and by rightists for doing too much. Only last month, a government agent arranging the takeover of a huge plantation was stoned and clubbed to death in a battle between police and the hired henchmen of a rich landowner.

In the forthcoming elections, the candidate of Frei's Christian Democratic Party, Radomiro Tomic, 56, appears to be facing a severe challenge from rightist ex-President Jorge Alessandri, 73, and leftist Senator Salvador Allende, 61, who enjoys the Communist Party's support. With the outcome in doubt, the government is fearful that a showdown in Paradise might damage the Christian Democrats' chances of carrying out another six years of moderate reform.



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The taste for today's woman.



PEOPLE

Shades of *La Dolce Vita*—4 a.m. in Rome and Amazonian **Anita Ekberg** in full cry. Six carabinieri were needed at the Cavalieri Residence to quell the disturbance. It seems that Anita, after waltzing home all aglow with *vita* and *vino*, had yanked the covers off her sleeping spouse. Sometime Actor **Rik von Nutter**. "I didn't want to hit her in the face," Rik explained. "I just turned her over my knee and gave her the reddest butt you ever saw. And that's not a tiny bottom."

The perils of space travel and walking on the moon are one thing, but federal bureaucracy is something else. Astronaut **Neil Armstrong**, who will take over a NASA desk in Washington as a coordinator of aeronautical research between Uncle Sam and industry, was asked whether he had sold his house in Houston. "Maybe I'd just better keep it," he grinned, "in case I need a hiding place from the Washington people."

A warehouse full of Hollywood history was on the block, but few of Hollywood's own won out in the bidding. At the auction of 46 years' and a rumored \$1,600,000 worth of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer props and costumes, **Debbie Reynolds** tried to buy her own brass bed from *The Unsinkable Molly Brown*, but just didn't want to go as high as \$3,000. The day belonged to unknown buyers, who put up \$2,400 for **Bert Lahr's** cowardly-lion suit from *The Wiz-*

ard of Oz and \$1,250 for **Clark Gable's** battered trenchcoat. **Grace Kelly's** gowns from *The Swan* were a fire-sale bargain at \$150 and less, but another nameless fan had to go to \$15,000 for **Judy Garland's** red slippers from *Oz*. As the bidding spiraled around him, Actor **Jack Cassidy** said, "I'll be lucky to get a spear from *Ben-Hur*." As it turned out, he didn't even get that.

His last picture, *Anne of the Thousand Days*, was virtually stolen by young **Genevieve Bujold** as Anne Boleyn. This time out, **Richard Burton** was rehearsing an episode for next season's *Here's Lucy* TV series, and as he told the story, it was "terrible to work with two big stars" like **Lucille Ball** and his wife **Elizabeth Taylor**. "Give me back the unknowns," he groaned. Still it is hard to



BALL & BURTON
Too famous.

believe that Burton could be totally upstaged while playing—as he does on *Lucy's* show—a Shakespeare-spouting plumber.

To students at Los Angeles' Loyola University, the imitation of **W.C. Fields** in *My Little Chickadee* seemed uncannily exact. And why not? The imitator was W.C.'s grandson Ronald, 20, who was using the act to propel his campaign for student-body president. He even paraphrased parts of his grandfather's 1940 book, *Fields for President*. Sample: "Many of you have asked why I am running for President when I already have a promising future as a veterinarian." Unlike Grandpa, he won.

Cathy the snake charmer, Emmet the elephant-skinned boy and Percilla the monkey girl were all amazed that he was still swinging up there—however erratically. "Normally flyers can't take it



PLIMPTON ON TRAPEZE
Still swinging.

more than once a day because their hands get sore," said John Pugh, general manager of the Clyde Beatty-Cole Bros. Circus. "But he's been going up three and four times a day. He's got a lot of guts." The daring young man was do-it-yourself **George Plimpton**, who has tried just about everything else. This caper was for a TV special, *Plimpton at the Circus*. Besides the trapeze, the Paper Lion took on the "taming" of a pair of real lions named Nero and John-John.

The Canadian visitor *Down Under* was given a pamphlet from *Truth*, a right-wing New Zealand newspaper, charging that in 1940 he was "booted out of the Canadian Officers' Training Corps for lack of discipline." Not so, he said. "I failed to come up to academic and health standards, and was not considered leadership material." Which may come as a surprise to 21 million Canadians, since today **Pierre Elliott Trudeau** is their Prime Minister.

They are archrivals in Britain's business of turning stately homes into tourist traps. Yet the **Duke of Bedford** invited the **Marquess of Bath** to open his \$2,500,000 "Wild Animal Kingdom" at Woburn Abbey. Only the animals refused to cooperate. As Bath drove around the preserve in his Bentley, a lion named Reggie leaped onto the hood. Three baby elephants had charged him as he cut the blue ribbon. When Bath held his ground, 450-lb. Tess trampled his foot. Lamely, his lordship predicted success for Bedford's menagerie.



REYNOLDS AT AUCTION
No sale.

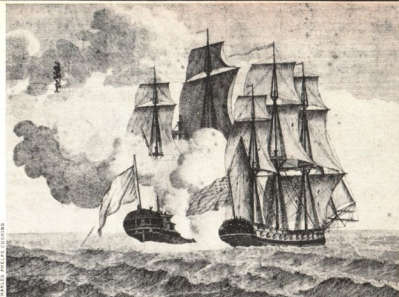
THE LAW

The President's War Powers

Did Richard Nixon "usurp" the constitutional powers of Congress when he unilaterally ordered troops into Cambodia? Swarms of lawyers went to Washington last week to join an increasingly intense debate on the issue (see THE NATION). Their most persuasive arguments raised fundamental questions that go far beyond Cambodia and the Indochina war.

Many of the antiwar lawyers conceded that proving the Cambodian "attacks" unconstitutional may be difficult. Nixon's authority as Commander in Chief gives him full power to protect U.S. troops in the field. But could he exercise that authority if the troops fighting in Southeast Asia were not deployed legally in the first place? The 1964 Gulf of Tonkin Resolution gave congressional support to President Johnson's use of "all necessary measures to repel any armed attack against the forces of the United States." The dissenters argue, of course, that Congressmen who voted for the resolution after a reported enemy attack on two U.S. destroyers never intended it to be a *de facto* declaration of war. Though Congress has also voted to equip troops under fire, the critics add, it is unfair to conclude that Congress thus approves of the war.

These arguments may never be settled. More important, many dissidents argue that usurpation of congressional power has been going on not just for months but for decades. As a thoughtful memorandum being circulated in Washington by Yale Law School students puts the issue: "The expansion of the war into Cambodia is the latest in a long series of acts which, taken together, have nearly stripped Congress of its war power. Undoubtedly, the speed with which crises develop



U.S.S. "CONSTELLATION" ENGAGING FRENCH FRIGATE (1799)

Who unleashes the dog?

in the modern world necessitates a strong executive who can respond quickly. The real question is whether the balance has shifted too far in favor of the executive."

Authority to Declare. When the constitutional drafters met in Philadelphia in 1787, they deliberately denied U.S. Presidents the kind of unfettered war power that European kings enjoyed. Instead, they gave Congress authority to "declare" war, "raise and support armies," make military appropriations for a period no longer than two years, and "provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions." The only exceptions to legislative war authority were intended to be narrow: the framers made the President "Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several states, when called into the actual service of the United States." They also refrained from giving Congress the power to "make" war—a more

comprehensive authority than the power to declare it.

According to James Madison, the President would thus have "power to repel sudden attacks." To many scholars the implication is clear. The President was to initiate emergency defensive operations; Congress was to remain responsible for all offensive ones. Said Thomas Jefferson: "We have given one effectual check to the dog of war by transferring the power of letting him loose from those who are to spend to those who are to pay."

Potential Attack. In the early days of the Republic, the founders' system was honored, as Presidents sought congressional permission for military moves abroad—if not always formal declarations of hostility. During the so-called "undeclared war" with France between 1798 and 1800, Congress authorized naval seizures of American merchant ships going to French ports. But President John Adams went further and ordered the seizure of American ships leaving those ports as well, and the Supreme Court held that he had exceeded the intent of Congress. As Administration defenders often note, President Jefferson felt free to send naval vessels to protect U.S. ships against the Barbary pirates. Nonetheless, Jefferson carefully refused to allow his commanders to hold even captured pirate vessels until Congress had approved action "beyond the line of defense."

Later Presidents often continued to get at least some form of authorization from Congress before taking major military plunges, but their area of discretion slowly enlarged. In 1911, President William Howard Taft moved 20,000 troops to the Mexican border to protect American lives and property threatened by the Mexican revolution—but recognized congressional jurisdiction by refusing to send forces over the boundary. Presidents asked for and received formal declarations for the War of 1812, the Spanish-American War,



U.S. TROOPS ON MEXICAN BORDER (1916)

What defines a war?

the Mexican War and World Wars I and II.

Chasing Bandits. Even so, the Constitution does not define the difference between war and murky actions short of it. As a result, Chief Executives have felt increasingly free to undertake the military maneuvers required of a major nation. For its part, Congress did not assert authority over such actions as Theodore Roosevelt's military move into Panama in 1903 and Woodrow Wilson's willingness to do what Taft would not—send troops to chase Pancho Villa's raiders in Mexico in 1916.

Bipartisan congressional support for an anti-Communist foreign policy after World War II accelerated the trend toward presidential war power. By the time Truman dispatched troops to Korea, Ohio's Senator Robert Taft was almost alone in complaining that the President, by his undeclared "police action," had "usurped authority in violation of the laws and the Constitution." All told, it has been calculated, U.S. Presidents have ordered troops into position or action without a formal congressional declaration a total of 149 times.

Strict Construction. All this raises several fascinating questions. In the past, congressional authorizations and resolutions short of a declaration of hostilities have been sufficient for Presidents to commit troops to military actions bearing many hallmarks of full-scale war. Is there a point at which an expanding nonwar becomes a real war that must be declared in order to be legal? Congress has rarely been concerned with providing the answer. Does this mean that Congress has now effectively construed the Constitution to mean that, in military engagements, once a nonwar always a nonwar? If so, must Congress follow its own precedents?

Ultimately, the Cambodian version of this issue is less likely to reach the Supreme Court than to be settled politically between Congress and the President. Meantime, ironies abound. Liberals who long dismissed Congress as retrograde and favored "power to the President," as Columbia Law Professor Tom Farer puts it, are now defending congressional wisdom. Longtime advocates of pragmatic interpretation of the Constitution are now becoming staunch strict constructionists.

More important, the President's critics argue that a democracy's war actions must not only be legal but also widely supported. Few deny that the President must be free to respond to surprise attacks or support engaged troops. But when there is time for congressional debate, the critics contend the military and diplomatic inconveniences of delay are small enough prices to pay for ensuring that the U.S. will not be drawn into risky involvements until the nation has had a chance to grasp what is at stake.

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MEDICINE

Sterilization for Both Sexes

One drastic way to practice birth control is by means of sterilization. The surgeon's knife is now being sought by increasing numbers of Americans, both men and women, who want to be sure that they will have no more babies. Few doctors or patients are willing to talk about it, but the Association for Voluntary Sterilization, Inc. estimates that such operations have been performed on at least 2,000,000 Americans.

The number of voluntary sterilizations was limited in the past by two ill-founded fears. One was that the operations were illegal. In fact, they are legal in every state although Utah still requires that they be done "for medical reasons only." The other deterrent to the operation—especially among males—was the popular confusion between sterilization and castration. Another reason for fresh male acceptance of sterilization is the spirited espousal of the practice by Stanford University Biologist Paul Ehrlich, who publicly called attention to his own vasectomy in 1964.

In the *Pipeline*, Sterilization operations for men and women are based on the same strategy: cutting the tubes that carry the sex cells on their paths toward junction and conception. In the woman, the Fallopian tubes—through which the egg cells travel from the ovaries toward the uterus—are hidden in the pelvic cavity of the lower abdomen. Before recent technical advances they were relatively difficult for the surgeon to reach. In the man, a tube called the vas deferens (literally, the "carrying-away vessel") arises from each testicle to carry the spermatozoa to the prostate gland where the seminal fluid is finally compounded for ejaculation through the urethra. Near its origin in the scrotum, the vas deferens is readily accessible to the surgeon's scalpel.

Because of these anatomical differences, the male operation is the simpler. After injecting a local anesthetic, the surgeon makes an incision about half an inch long on one side of the scrotum, draws out one vas, and cuts out a section up to an inch long. He usually cauterizes the remaining stumps of the vas and ties them shut with nonabsorbable thread. The surgeon then sutures the small wound and repeats the procedure on the other side.

Because patients have some discomfort for two or three days after a vasectomy, the Margaret Sanger Research Bureau in Manhattan schedules all such operations on Fridays; thus the patient will be able to return to work on Monday. The vasectomy patient undergoes no hormonal changes, and if he has fully understood the operation beforehand he should have no emotional problems. His capacity for sexual relations may even be increased, because he no longer fears conception. His sperm,

trapped in the testicles, are reabsorbed, and eventually his body manufactures fewer of them. However, some sperm are left "in the pipeline" at the time of operation, so for the next six to twelve acts of coitus a contraceptive must be used. Most surgeons require that their patients return after four to twelve months and leave a semen sample for analysis to make sure that neither vas deferens has joined itself up again.

Tiny Incisions. For women there are a variety of surgical procedures. The most obvious is used on the woman who is having a baby by caesarean section, and has decided that this will be her last. Since her abdomen is already open, the obstetrician simply reaches in

he inserts the electric cautery and a tiny surgical knife. The operation, under general anesthesia, takes about 30 minutes and allows the patient to leave the hospital the same day.

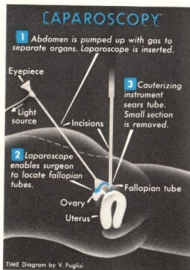
In a modified version of the operation, Dr. Alvin Siegler of New York's Downstate Medical Center makes his first incision for the laparoscope so close to the navel that no separate scar will be visible, then inserts the cautery and knife through two punctures not much bigger than those made by a heavy-gauge hypodermic needle.

The simplest development in sterilization of women, requiring only local anesthesia, is reported by Dr. Martin Clyman at Manhattan's Mount Sinai School of Medicine. He has designed special instruments that enable him to operate through an incision little more than an inch long in the vaginal wall, reaching and tying off both tubes in about ten minutes. This vaginal approach leaves the patient with no visible scars, and she can go home in 24 to 48 hours after the operation.

Although many hospitals still require that a staff committee give advance approval for a surgeon to sterilize a woman, the criteria for men are more subtle and largely psychological. The Margaret Sanger Research Bureau's clinic will not usually operate on men who are single, or in their twenties, or whose wives are not wholeheartedly in favor of the decision. Psychiatrist Helen Edey, who interviews the applicants, lists these requirements: 1) the man must be at least 25 years old and married, or in a "stable relationship," 2) if under 40 he must already have two children. For men over 40, each case is considered individually. Dr. Edey interviews man and wife together for 45 minutes to an hour, to make sure that they fully understand the predictable effects of the operation. "I look for signs of pressure by one spouse on the other," she says. "Both must want it sincerely, or there may be later regrets and resentment."

Why do couples prefer sterilization to the long-term use of contraceptives? "Because they know that failure rates from most forms of contraception are too high," Dr. Edey says. "Or they are afraid of side effects from the Pill, or they have aesthetic objections to having to remember to insert something at what is emotionally the wrong time."

Rates of Reversal. One nagging question that still deters many men from seeking sterilization: Is the operation reversible? The answer is that in some cases, after either male or female sterilization, fertility can be restored by a reverse operation to rejoin the severed tubes. The success rate of these procedures is disputed. Some physicians put it as high as 80%; most think 30% is more realistic. But the question seldom arises. Most urologists' records show that not more than 1% or 2% of their male patients have ever asked for a reverse operation.



for the Fallopian tubes, ties them off and severs them—much as the urologist does in a vasectomy. Most surgeons also remove part of the tube. This procedure is called tubal ligation.

Equally common is the operation on a woman who has just given birth to a baby normally. Within 36 hours after the delivery, the surgeon makes a three- or four-inch incision in her lower abdomen to reach the tubes. The surgical wound is almost healed by the time the woman goes home with her baby.

In recent years, especially in Britain and Europe, gynecological surgeons have been seeking means of reaching and severing the Fallopian tubes without making a long pelvic incision. They have succeeded with the aid of the laparoscope, a tube containing a "light pipe," less than half an inch in diameter. The techniques vary in detail. At Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Dr. Clifford R. Wheelless makes two incisions less than half an inch long just below the navel (see diagram). Through one, after blowing in carbon dioxide to separate the organs, he inserts the laparoscope to locate a tube. Through the second



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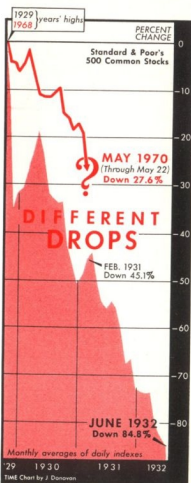
ARTHUR BURNS WITH GOVERNORS OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD*

The Economy: Crisis of Confidence

RICHARD NIXON was probably the first President to take office vowing that he would slow down the U.S. economy. The nation's No. 1 football fan had a "game plan" that his advisers said would stop inflation without much pain to the public or danger to the politicians. No need to tackle wages and prices directly. No need to get involved in messy strikes or stop end runs by steel prices. There would be no mandatory controls, no nasty squabbles between the White House and business or labor leaders, no interference at all with the free market. Instead, Government would simply balance its budget and pump less money into the banking system. As funds became scarcer in the private economy, business would simmer down and so, too, would prices. For a few "awkward months," predicted Nixon's economists, the nation would suffer mild "slowing pains" of high interest rates, little growth in production, some drop in profits and a moderate rise in unemployment. Eventually, inflationary pressure would be wrung out of the economy and normal expansion of output and hiring could resume.

The need for a slowdown was evident. But now, to an ever-growing number of businessmen, workers, consumers—and voters—the game plan sounds like an exercise in fantasy. The awkward months have lengthened into painful seasons, and the alleviation of inflation that was supposed to be worth all the unpleasantness seems nowhere in sight. In his 16 months in office, Nixon has posted an unenviable economic box score:

► The industrial production index has risen only .2%, and U.S. factories are operating at less than 80% of capacity.



► Corporate profits before taxes have dropped 11%.

► Unemployment has jumped by almost one-half, to a five-year high of 4.8% of the work force. One million more Americans than a year ago are unsuccessfully looking for work.

► Consumer prices have soared 7.5%, chopping almost 7¢ out of the real value of the dollar. Last week the Labor Department reported that inflation accelerated in April. The cost of living rose at a seasonally adjusted annual rate of 6%, up from 4.8% in March.

Other downbeat news darkened the gloomiest week that U.S. business has shuddered through in recent years. In Washington, embarrassed Administration officials conceded that the budget surpluses they had predicted for fiscal 1970 and 1971 will turn to deficits. On Wall Street, the most unnerving stock market reports since the Depression 1930s became daily more dismal. The Dow-Jones industrial average fell 40 points to a new seven-year low of 662; during the past 18 months, it has plunged more than 320 points.

Unquestionably, the situation is serious, but some qualifications are necessary. The economic picture appears bleaker than it really is because the market tends to overreact. It jumps extravagantly when the economy is strong, plunges precipitously when business weakens (and sometimes when it does not). Moreover, the economy has not suddenly run out of steam because of some inexplicable decline of consumer demand. Most of the drops in profits

* Left to right in rear: J. L. Robertson, Sherman Maisel, J. Dewey Daane, Andrew Brimmer, George W. Mitchell, William Sherrill.



"RECOVERY, HOWEVER, IS... JUST AROUND THE CORNER."

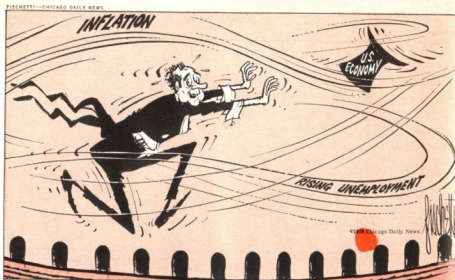
and jobs are the result of a deliberate, managed slowdown.

Still, the market is the most reliable indicator of the confidence that 26 million shareholders have in the economy and in the Government's ability to keep it healthy. Even though the economy remains essentially strong, if its financial distortions continue much longer, it could tumble into serious difficulties. Some prominent Wall Streeters worried aloud last week that the economy stands on the brink of financial crisis. They were frankly concerned that marginal corporations, which have exhausted their cash and bank credit during the long money famine, may be unable to raise necessary funds and fall into bankruptcy.

Pressures are building on Nixon to mount a new and more energetic attack on inflation without provoking a severe recession. The President, in turn, is trying to convince business and financial leaders that he is deeply concerned about the stock market and the general economy. Last week he conferred with Bernard Lasker, chairman of the New York Stock Exchange. In the next few days, National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger and Budget Director Robert Mayo will exchange ideas with other prominent businessmen.

The Rising Dissent

Political advisers are warning the President that a continuation of the current slump could be poison for Republicans in the fall congressional elections. If the economy is not "back in balance" by Election Day, says White House Political Operative Murray Chotiner, "there is no question that Republican candidates for office can be hurt." A Republican National Committee official who has traveled throughout the nation recently brought back this report: "Millions of older people who own stocks are scared to death. Lots of them have depended on stock values to take care of them in their retirement.



"BOY, ARE YOU GONNA SEE SOME MAGIC WHEN THIS WIND DIES DOWN."

Now the cash value is down to perhaps a fourth of what they expected it to be. At the same time, inflation keeps on. You can tell people it is being brought under control, but you cannot keep telling them that forever."

Businessmen are wondering whether the current slump is really necessary; within the Government last week, some powerful voices began calling publicly for the first time for changes in the game plan. Most important were the rasping W.C. Fields tones of Arthur F. Burns, Nixon's longtime economic mentor. Now, as Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, Burns is the master of the nation's money supply. Coming from anyone else, what he said might not have seemed startling; coming from cautious Arthur Burns, it raised eyebrows around the country.

In a speech to an American Bankers Association convention at Hot Springs, Va., Burns said frankly: "We have been less successful than we would have liked in moderating the advance of prices." Then he added: "There may be a useful —albeit a very modest—role for an 'incomes policy.'"

What did he have in mind? An "incomes policy" generally requires the Government to define just what wage increases would be considered tolerable —and under what circumstances it would be justifiable for companies to raise prices. Burns was not asking for anything so drastic. He has told friends that he is thinking of several possibilities, including: 1) presidential preaching to business and labor leaders that they have a "social responsibility" to hold down wages and prices; 2) wage-price guidelines drawn up by business and labor, rather than issued by the Government; 3) federal compilation and publicizing of statistics that would point a finger at industries, such as construction, where wage and price boosts have been distressingly high. Burns would stop short of Government accusations

or pressure against individual companies and unions.

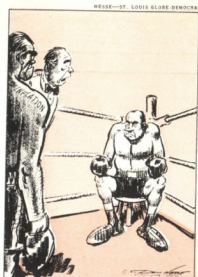
Last week Housing and Urban Development Secretary George Romney made a similar proposal; earlier James J. O'Leary, an executive vice president of Manhattan's U.S. Trust Co., urged the idea on the President. Both men would have a Presidential commission look into specific wage and price increases by companies and unions, and inform the public whether they seemed justified. Their proposal, in turn, was a watered-down version of the formal wage-price guidelines that the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations promulgated, and that many Democrats and even a few Republicans have asked Nixon to reinstate.

Advocating the Immoral

The fact that conservative Arthur Burns, of all people, should speak up for anything resembling guidelines is perhaps the best indication that Washington is profoundly worried. As the President's chief economist during the election campaign, and as chief domestic policy adviser during the first year of the Nixon Administration, Burns provided much of the free-market philosophy behind the game plan, which he now feels is not working quickly enough for a nation impatient for results. Beyond that, his advocacy of an incomes policy—even as a temporary expedient —violates some of his old beliefs. Other economic policymakers are satisfied to argue that guidelines simply do not work; Burns has viewed them as immoral. Some years ago, he wrote that he could see little difference between an economy in which guidelines were observed voluntarily and one shackled by outright controls. In either case, he said, the market would not be truly free. In one of his pipe-puffing appearances before a congressional committee, Burns recently added: "I see free markets as the greatest institution this country has."



"BUT ON THE AVERAGE, WE'RE DOING OKAY."



"THE BELL RANG."



"THANK HEAVENS!... IT'S ONLY CONSTRUCTION WORKERS BEATING UP STUDENTS! I THOUGHT IT WAS INVESTORS BEATING UP BROKERS!"

Even so, in his long career as a professor, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under President Eisenhower, and head of the National Bureau of Economic Research, Burns has never been what he calls "an ideological economist." He tends, in fact, to distrust all highly systematic economic theory. He has little patience with the loud quarrel between Keynesian economists, who place great importance on Government tax and spending policies, and the followers of his friend Milton Friedman,* who contends that control of the money supply is of supreme importance. Significantly, Burns wrote most of his damning comments on guidelines when he was still a professor. Now, at 66, he is in a position that requires him to accept the responsibility of making and carrying out policy. To make matters doubly difficult, says Burns, "when a nation permits its economy to become engulfed by inflation, policymakers no longer have any good choices."

Despite its legal independence from the Administration, the Federal Reserve has been given the toughest assignment in Nixon's game plan. The board was expected to hold down the growth of the nation's money supply. It did its job with what may have been an excess of zeal. Through the last half of 1969, it permitted no growth at all in money supply. By the time Burns took over last February, almost everyone was starved for cash. Corporations were forced to borrow in the bond market at all-time-high interest rates of 9% or more. Prospective home buyers frequently found mortgage money unavailable at any

price. Just before Burns arrived, the Federal Reserve voted to begin expanding the money supply again. And the new chief has reinforced that policy, hinting to Congress that he aims at about a 3% to 4% annual expansion, a rate that he seems to think will be enough to prevent serious recession but not enough to keep inflation spiraling.

The Price of Disbelief

There is, in fact, some question whether a regular 3% or 4% growth rate will be nearly enough to handle the economy's enormous need for cash and credit. From the savings of citizens, the retained earnings of corporations and other sources, the U.S. last year generated \$129 billion of new capital to invest. But the demands for capital have been greater still. During the inflationary boom of the late 1960s, the Government borrowed heavily on the capital markets to cover federal deficits that ran as high as \$25 billion a year, and much of the money was used for economically unproductive purposes, notably the Viet Nam War. Lyndon Johnson started the inflation by long insisting on fighting a war without asking for taxes to pay for it. Corporations meanwhile went into debt to raise money for new plant and equipment. They kept up their borrowing during the money squeeze; their executives simply did not believe that the Federal Reserve would hold down the growth of money supply as long and drastically as it did. Thus they saddled themselves with a debt that must be periodically refinanced. And now a pinch limits their ability to repay.

The balance sheets of major corporations have steadily deteriorated. In 1961 they held enough cash and easily marketable Government securities to cover 38.4% of their bills; at the end of last year, the figure was down to 19.3%. Big banks can hardly lend any more. Partly because they eagerly shoveled out cash to almost all comers dur-

ing the boom years, they now have a high, potentially dangerous 86% of their deposits committed in loans. Says Fred Stein, chief executive of a subsidiary of Standard & Poor's Corp.: "The money markets are in a full-fledged rout, and something has to be done to check it."

As a way out, some financiers propose federal credit controls. Since there is not enough credit to go around, they argue, the Government should make sure that what is available goes to borrowers who really need it—home builders, say, or small businessmen—rather than to those with the greatest economic clout. Credit controls have strong support in some parts of official Washington, though not in the White House. Congress last December gave the President stand-by authority to allow the Federal Reserve to regulate the terms, amount and interest rates of all forms of credit. Wright Patman, chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, last week denounced Nixon for not using that power. Within the Nixon Cabinet, George Romney has spoken in favor of credit controls. He complains that money that should be going into housing is being diverted to borrowers who have more economic "muscle."

Nixon opposes controls as interference with a free market. Burns takes a less rigid position. In congressional testimony, he said "the markets do a better job" of allocating credit. "The fundamental answer to the housing problem," he insisted, "is the end of inflation and lower interest." But he also added: "Let's keep credit controls under observation. Don't be ideological or dogmatic."

What else can be done by Burns' Federal Reserve? It can scarcely expand the money supply much faster without risking a still greater surge of inflation. Burns is all too well aware that the Administration has failed to accomplish its prime game-plan assignment of keep-

* Burns' and Friedman's careers have been curiously intertwined. Burns was born in Eastern Galicia, then a portion of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, now part of the U.S.S.R.; Friedman, whose parents emigrated from that general area, studied under Burns at Rutgers, and they now own neighboring country homes in Ely, Vt.

ing the budget in balance. And by not holding down its own spending, the Government has contributed to the demand that has been driving prices sky-high. By not collecting enough taxes to pay its bills, it has failed to set a psychologically important example of belt tightening for business, labor and consumers. By not avoiding deficits, the Government has been forced to resort to heavy borrowing. In the middle of a cash shortage, that borrowing only diverts already scarce funds from socially desirable uses, such as housing.

Nixon has clearly let economic forces get out of hand. To keep part of an ill-advised campaign promise, he agreed to let Congress cut the 10% income tax surcharge to 5% at the start of 1970 and eliminate it entirely at mid-year. He offered only feeble opposition when Congress turned a desirable tax-reform bill into a tax-cutting bill that set broad rate reductions for future years. On top of that, federal budget-makers underestimated the severity of the economic squeeze that would be produced by their policies and those of the Federal Reserve. Interest payments on the national debt have been unexpectedly high because loan rates have not dropped as the Administration anticipated. Rising joblessness has boosted the bill for unemployment compensation. When the postal strike led to a 6% federal pay increase six months before schedule, the last hopes of a surplus vanished. Budget Director Mayo disclosed last week that the budget will show a \$1.8 billion deficit this fiscal year, and a \$1.3 billion deficit next year. Even those estimates may be optimistic. They are based on a January forecast that taxable corporate profits would hit \$89.5 billion this year. In the year's first quarter, profits ran at a rate of only \$85 billion. Unless the business upturn foreseen in the game plan starts soon, the U.S. stands to run a much deeper budget deficit.

Unfair and Slow

The failure of fiscal policy has left Burns in a position he devoutly hoped to avoid. In a sense, he is being forced to try to steer the economy by monetary policy alone—or, as one economist put it, "play God." The Federal Reserve must try to gauge the exact amount of money that the economy needs, and economics is not that precise a science. Burns has other arguments against exclusive reliance on monetary policy. If money is squeezed, he says, the policy unfairly hurts particular types of borrowers. Among the victims: local governments, which often must sell bonds in order to raise the funds needed for schools, hospitals and other public works. Further, Burns argues, monetary policy moves in long lags; it takes from six to twelve months for a change in the Federal Reserve's money-supply operations to be felt throughout the economy.

Burns has recently been telling friends that "monetary policy has done about

all it can. It cannot be expected to do much more." By recommending an incomes policy, he seems to be saying that the Federal Reserve has done its job and now Nixon must do his.

Will Nixon listen? He has given no indication that he will. The President has been ideologically and politically opposed to wage-price guidelines or anything similar. White House aides report that he was displeased by Burns' speech. The President's only open comment was: "Well, Arthur is independent, you know." Nixon, however, has respected Burns' advice since they served together in the Eisenhower Administration. In his book, *Six Crises*, Nixon relates how Burns early in 1960 urged him to propose a loosening of money and budget

imprecise term. If this slump is really a recession, however, it is not like any before it. The real output of goods and services has declined for two consecutive quarters—the classic if somewhat misleading measure of a recession. But factory output so far has fallen only 2.4% from its 1969 high, compared with declines ranging from 6% to 14.2% in the four recognized recessions since World War II. Corporate profits are not down as much yet as in past slumps.

On the other hand, recession is too mild a word for the situation in the stock market. The overall market is in worse shape than indicated by the Dow-Jones average of blue chips or Standard & Poor's index of 500 Big Board issues. The decline has been more severe on the American Stock Exchange. In the over-the-counter markets, some unlisted stocks cannot be sold at any price because there are no bids to buy. On the exchange floors, many stock specialists have bought all the shares they can handle and have no money for more; if large blocks of stocks were dumped, the specialists might well be unable to keep an orderly market.

A Private Depression

As a result, brokers are in a depression of their own. Relatively light trading volume and sagging prices have cut into their commission income. "Our switchboard operator is making more money than we are," says Joe Griffith, a Dallas broker. Bache & Co. recently laid off about 500 employees, and the American Stock Exchange dropped 100. Two major firms, McDonnell & Co. and Gregory & Sons, have closed their doors; several others are reported to be in trouble because of insufficient capital. A number of them may be forced into shotgun mergers. The New York Stock Exchange last week began steps to increase the trust fund that maintains to pay off customers of houses that fail. It intends to build up the fund from \$17.3 million now to \$55 million. One important balancing factor: though this has been the worst bear market since the Depression, it is not nearly so severe as the break that began in 1929. Furthermore, 1970 is quite unlike 1929. Investors are more sophisticated today, and the market has a host of safeguards.

Beyond Wall Street, the combination of slump and inflation is causing genuine pain in specific regions and industries. In the Seattle area, where layoffs in the aerospace and lumber industries are severe, unemployment has reached an alarming 8.1%. Long lines form at food-stamp headquarters, and growing numbers of the idled men are sending their wives to work. Says a laid-off Boeing engineer whose wife has taken a job as a physical therapist: "I feel a bit mean kicking her out of bed in the morning, but her working means we can stay on here, hoping for a change."

The economic troubles are exacerbating social problems. In several cit-



policies to ward off a recession. Nixon did so, but the proposal was rejected. The recession hit, and Nixon is convinced that it cost him a victory over John F. Kennedy. Burns and Nixon stayed in touch during Nixon's years in political exile in Manhattan. Shortly after Nixon was nominated in 1968, Burns informed him: "Mr. Nixon, your advisers are unanimous in finding that, unfortunately, there will be no recession in November." Well then, asked Nixon, what economic issue could he stress? Burns quickly replied: "Inflation."

Nixon's policies have failed to defeat inflation so far, but have they brought on a recession? Economists argue incessantly about whether the current slowdown qualifies for that maddeningly



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ies, businessmen are pledging few if any summer jobs to organizers of work programs for disadvantaged black and Puerto Rican youngsters. That will hardly help cool the nation's ghettos this year.

In Akron, School Superintendent Conrad Ott worries about how he can persuade the voters to accept a tax increase that he feels will be forced by inflation. "We honestly cannot tell them we can give them more education for their dollars," he says. "We will be hard-pressed to provide the same education that the children are getting now." He lists these price increases since 1962: a seventh-grade science textbook has gone up from \$2.91 to \$4.59; an algebra book from \$3.30 to \$4.41; a movie projector from \$369 to \$519.

No Reassurance

The beginnings of class tensions between blue-collar and white-collar workers are also visible. In Akron, where rubber workers have taken to the picket lines, one striker grumbles: "School officials say they got to raise pay to hold teachers, but how can we get the kind of new income to meet rising taxes and prices? Nobody is better off these days than teachers." White-collar workers voice equal anger against the unionized men on production lines. "In a way, unions are responsible for what is happening to my pay," says one office worker in a rubber company. "They have pushed labor costs so high with demands for more dough for hourly workers that there isn't anything left for guys like me on salary. We have already been told by our management not to expect the kind of increases the guys making tires are going to get."

Throughout the nation, many people have an uneasy feeling that the economy is in unprecedented trouble and that Washington does not know what to do about it. Few are cheered by Administration assurances that falling profits and rising unemployment are good news because they indicate that inflation is being brought under control. Says Alfred Seaman, president of the advertising firm of Sullivan, Stauffer, Colwell & Bayles: "It is just as though I went to my board of directors and said, 'The cost of money is way up, we are giving everybody a raise and our billings are way off—but don't worry.' How much confidence do you think they would have in me?"

The central problem is that inflation has proved far more stubborn than Burns and other originators of the game plan expected. A mere slump in the economy has not been enough to stop or even ameliorate it. Why not? Burns' reasoning is that the "demand-pull inflation" of earlier years has turned into more persistent "cost-push inflation." Excess demand at last has been wrung out of the economy, he believes, but prices are being pushed up now by excessive union wage demands. In a sense, this means past inflation is causing pres-

Quotations from Chairman Burns

Though Arthur Burns is often described as a hidebound, conservative economist, his writings, speeches and personal remarks reveal that his interests are more catholic and his thinking more flexible than many of his critics suggest. Samples:

ON ECONOMIC MANAGEMENT: Anyone who is convinced that he can fine-tune the economy doesn't know what he is talking about.

ON UNEMPLOYMENT: An unemployment rate of 4.5% or 5% is high for any country, and it is uncomfortably high for a nation that aspires to greatness.

ON A FREE ECONOMY: The public interest would be well served if the Government proceeded to reduce tariffs, eliminate import quotas, reduce farm price supports, discourage restrictive work practices, reform the minimum wage, and enforce the antitrust laws more strictly.

ON SECRECY: I believe in telling as much as you can about Federal Reserve policy, but there are certain things that you cannot disclose because of their effect on the markets. If you tell precisely what you plan to do, some people will make money and some will lose; and those who lose will be the little guys who do not get the word.

ON THE PRESIDENCY: It's a terribly lonely job being President. He is surrounded by yes men who try to find out what the boss wants and give it to him. They don't protect him sufficiently from daily follies and lapses of judgment and temper. There is also a tendency for some political people to try to screen the President from the outside world, and defend him no matter what. It's no different in any administration.

ON STUDENTS: The number of years spent by students in our universities is excessive. Young people now mature physically at an earlier age than before, but we keep them in a university longer than we used to. Furthermore, if we saw to it that students got part-time jobs or loans on a needed scale, we could do away with scholarship programs. We have made them unnecessarily dependent on the Government, on foundations, or on us as parents.

ON PROTEST: The institutions of this country must respond to legitimate demands for change, or the tensions set up by a failure to do so could lead to authoritarianism.

ON THE MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX: It will remain a formidable factor in our economic and social life in the calculable future. It will continue to suggest to many foreign citizens, as it sometimes does even to our own, that our national prosperity is based on huge military spending, when, in fact, we could be much more prosperous without it.

ent inflation; union men are angry that past price increases have eaten up their previous pay gains, and they are pressing for extraordinary boosts to catch up and protect themselves against still more price increases in the future.

Economist Martin Gainsbrugh of the National Industrial Conference Board believes that inflation is harder to contain now than in the 1950s, partly because service industries and government at all levels employ a much larger share of the nation's work force. That makes it far more difficult for the economy to offset the impact of rising wages by achieving increases in workers' productivity. The output per man-hour of a teacher, fireman or nurse can scarcely be measured, much less increased. The wholesale price index, which does not include the cost of services, has gone up more slowly than the consumer price index.

At a meeting of TIME's Board of Economists, Harvard's Otto Eckstein listed a number of other reasons why prices persist in rising despite the Federal Reserve's policy of money scarcity. "The rest of the world is in a very prosperous state," said he, "and demand for raw materials keeps prices rising. The present inflation is so intense that it is difficult to cure—there hasn't been a 6%-a-year inflation in modern times except for a few months after Korea. In addition, the Government is moving toward protectionism in world trade. Finally, there has been an ideological opposition to preaching."

To all that, Dr. Walter Heller, another member of TIME's board, added a further factor. "Let's face it," he said. "There will be more inflation in our future than in our past because of our bipartisan commitment to high employment. Signs of economic weakness will get a faster Government response than in the past, and both business and consumers know it. This assurance will give an upward bias to wages and prices." In sum, businessmen and consumers will go on spending during a slide because they will take it for granted that the slump will be short-lived.

What Comes Next?

Whatever the reason, the persistence of inflation presents policymakers with excruciating choices. Inflation could be stopped dead if the Administration and the Federal Reserve were willing to push ahead with severely restrictive fiscal and monetary policies to depress the economy. But the toll would be politically intolerable and socially explosive. The Administration, for example, has been counting on rising unemployment to moderate union wage demands, but in the present environment that moderation might well require unemployment considerably higher than the current 4.8%. Economist Gainsbrugh asks worriedly: "How acceptable would such a high body count be, particularly to the militant minorities?"

Even if the Administration's gradual



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LINING UP FOR UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE IN MANHATTAN
Kicking the wife out of bed.

game plan ultimately works, and the Federal Reserve feeds just enough money into the economy to avoid recession, as Burns has pledged to do, the probable results seem unattractive. Eckstein thinks that "business would reach a turning point—followed by nothing in particular happening." Business, he says, would revive slowly, inflation would simmer down very gradually, and unemployment might stay uncomfortably high. It is also possible that the U.S. economy could get itself into a "stop-go" cycle such as Britain suffered through for many years. Washington would apply brakes to the economy, release them when a recession threatened, find that the business revival had set off a new burst of inflation, and slam on the brakes again.

Better Alternatives

There are, however, alternative courses of action open to the Government. Among them:

► Institute an income policy going farther than the one Arthur Burns suggests. Anything short of actual wage and price controls, which have usually proved to be inequitable and unworkable, might tempt businessmen and labor leaders to defy presidential wrath and increase prices and wages. But there is evidence that guidelines and "jawboning" intervention by the White House held down some prices during the Kennedy-Johnson era. Arthur Okun, a member of TIME's board, figures that prices rose 1.7% a year between 1966 and 1968 for 15 jawboned industries, including steel, copper, autos and aluminum—but that prices jumped 6% in those industries in Nixon's first year. When Nixon made the mistake of proclaiming at the start of his presidency that he would do no jawboning, businessmen and labor leaders took his announcement as a signal to go for all the increases they could get—and they did just that. A presidential guideline on just what size wage increases would be noninflationary might give company executives a bargaining point in labor negotiations, and give union leaders a talking point in dealing with their own rebellious members.

► Attack structural rigidities in the economy. U.S. business is shot through with restrictive union practices, fair-trade laws, and indefensible subsidies to farmers, shipping men and others. All such rigidities help to drive up prices. Quotas on steel and oil imports keep out low-priced foreign materials. An act passed by Congress in 1964 orders the President to impose a quota on meat imports if they seem likely to rise 10% or more above the 1959-1963 yearly average. In order to avoid triggering the quota, foreign suppliers are refraining from shipping in as much meat as they could. That restriction on the supply of one of the most important items that U.S. consumers buy helps keep up the price. A legislative drive to repeal quotas and subsidies would be in the national interest, though it would no doubt bring shrieks from every special-interest group in the country. At very least, the Nixon Administration could reverse its steps toward further protectionism, such as its campaign to force Japan to limit textile shipments to the U.S. The Government has shaped its anti-inflationary program entirely in terms of limiting demand; increasing the supply of goods and services by breaking some of the bottlenecks in the economy is an alternative that cries out to be explored.

► Settle for less than total victory over inflation. The present 6% rate of inflation is intolerable, but the U.S. in the long run may have to learn to live with a somewhat higher rate than citizens have been accustomed to think of as acceptable. Members of TIME's Board of Economists generally feel that the nation would do well to aim to hold price rises to an average of 3% yearly. Japan, Canada and Western Europe's major industrial nations had inflation rates of from 3.8% to 6% last year, yet still managed to do well economically. The U.S. cannot and should not reverse its commitment to prosperity and high employment.

Most of all, Washington needs to recognize that the economy is operating under new rules. The classical demand-restraint methods for curing inflation may eventually work, but social con-

ditions no longer permit the sort of recession that might be needed to make them work as fast and as thoroughly as necessary—a point Arthur Burns well recognizes. By advocating an incomes policy, he has demonstrated a willingness to recognize changed conditions and use whatever policy tools seem appropriate. The Administration will need that flexibility in helping to shape tomorrow's economic policy.

CORPORATIONS

Toward a Wider Constituency

It was a piece of contemporary American theater, exceeded in noise, confusion and chaos only by a performance of *Hair*. General Motors' annual meeting last week in Detroit's enormous Cobo Hall played to an S.R.O. audience. Coolly and with remarkable stamina Chairman James M. Roche presided for 6½ hours, answering a determined barrage of questions. This year, for the first time, the usual chorus of gadfly critics was bolstered by a group of more formidable antagonists. Among them: Harvard Biologist Dr. George Wald, Avis ex-President Robert (*Up the Organization*) Townsend and the new U.A.W. president, Leonard Woodcock.

At issue were two precedent-setting resolutions proposed by "Campaign G.M.," an organization started by four young Washington lawyers inspired by some of Nader's efforts. One of the proposals would have added three "public representatives" to the corporation's 23-man board. The nominees: Environmentalist Dr. René Dubos; Betty Furness, who was Lyndon Johnson's consumer adviser; and the Rev. Channing Phillips, who would have been the first black ever to sit on G.M.'s board. The second proposal would have created a Shareholders' Committee for Corporate Responsibility, authorized to spend one year investigating and increasing the company's contributions "to the social welfare of the nation"—such as its efforts to produce safer and nonpolluting cars. The critics argued that G.M.'s management should respond to a wider constituency—not only shareholders and suppliers, dealers, employees and

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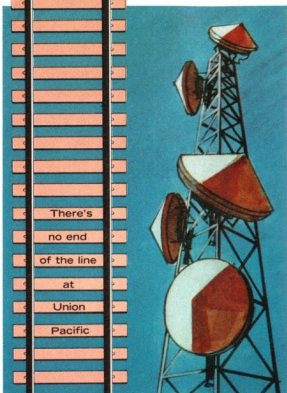
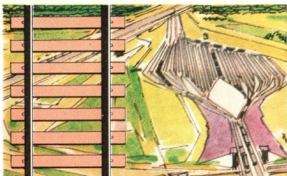
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customers, but everyone who breathes the air that cars pollute.

Silent Shareholders. As expected, the proposals went down to overwhelming defeat, winning less than 3% of the vote. One reason for the lopsided result was that G.M.'s shares are widely dispersed among 1,400,000 stockholders, and the campaign's organizers, with only a \$30,000 budget, could not afford to contact all of them. More important, the outcome reflected the entrenched power of management, backed by a silent majority of shareholders who usually give the company their proxies to vote as it wishes.

This time the company had worked harder than ever to get those proxies. "The project is using General Motors as a means through which it can challenge the entire system of corporate management in the United States," declared Chairman Roche in a statement mailed to shareholders. The corporation claimed that any new directors representing "special interests" would introduce "partisanship" to the board. As for forming a special shareholders' committee, the corporation contended that it "would do serious damage to General Motors and to its stockholders and to the general public," because it would be "structured for harassment and publicity." G.M. also sent every shareholder a 21-page booklet defending its record on safety and pollution. Roche himself wrote to the heads of foundations, bank trust departments and university endowment funds, urging them to vote down the proposals, and G.M. officials followed up with phone calls.

For all its intensity, the corporation's campaign was not completely successful. Harvard's trustees cast their endowment-fund shares for management—against the expressed wishes of the faculty, students and a 3-to-2 majority of alumni. Yale abstained. The Carnegie and Rockefeller foundations, while voting against the proposals, pointedly criticized the corporation. The board of the Rockefeller Foundation set out its reasons in a letter to G.M. (see box) and declared: "We are not prepared to let the matter rest."

Proxies for People. Neither are the organizers of Campaign G.M. They are already preparing for another assault next year, and last week in Detroit they held the "First Annual Convention on Corporate Responsibility." It was more like a rally than a convention, but it made plain that G.M. was only a test case. Other social critics are entering the proxy wars, notably Saul Alinsky's "Proxies for People," which plans to solicit proxies from foundations, union-welfare funds and other groups and to use them to pressure corporations into more diligently pursuing social goals. Alinsky calls his technique "mass jujitsu"; he is so sure of success that he confidently promises future corporate annual meetings will have to be held in Yankee Stadium.

Such efforts find G.M. a more susceptible target than most companies because it is so conspicuous, and its shares have traditionally been bought and held by large numbers of individual investors. The shares of many other big U.S. companies tend to be more concentrated in



CAMPAIGN G.M. SPEAKER & U.A.W.'S WOODCOCK
Wait till next year!

the hands of bank trustees and mutual-fund managers. Bank trust departments alone held \$167 billion worth of common stock at the end of 1967. Allied with institutions that wield huge numbers of proxies, corporate managers will not be easily outvoted. But the public interest is likely to make itself felt in one way or another. G.M.'s experience shows that unless those who hold the votes become more sensitive to public concerns, managers will face increasing demands for Government scrutiny of how they use their power.

A Cry for Courage and Compassion

The Rockefeller Foundation, which has well over half a billion dollars in assets, has been willing to venture into new and sometimes contentious areas in support of education, the arts, medicine and urban problems. Founded in 1913 by John D. Rockefeller, it is now one of G.M.'s large stockholders, with 195,532 shares. Last week the foundation's board, in explaining its vote at G.M.'s annual meeting, presented a thoughtful definition of the responsibilities of a modern corporation. Excerpts:*

THE trustees of the Rockefeller Foundation believe with the organizers of Campaign G.M. that the corporations of America must assert an unprecedented order of leadership in helping to solve the social problems of our time. We realize that for corporations to exercise this leadership they must continue to prosper and to grow and to be

profitable investments to their stockholders. But to stop there is to stop short of the moral and civic response required of the leaders of industry by the present crisis in our social order. There are battles to be waged against racism, poverty, pollution and urban blight, which the Government alone cannot win; they can be won only if the status and power of American corporate industry are fully and effectively committed to the struggle. What is needed from business today is leadership which is courageous, wise and compassionate, which is enlightened in its own and the public's interest, and which greets change with an open mind.

In our judgment, the management of General Motors did not display this spirit in its response to the two proposals offered by Campaign G.M. We recognize that these proposals are, from management's viewpoint, unwieldy and impractical. Because of these inadequacies we are prepared, this time, to sign our proxy as requested by management.

We do not share the view that the Campaign G.M. proposals represent an

"attack" on the Corporation. This is a defensive and negative attitude at a time when all leading American institutions of government, business, philanthropy, education and religion should be seeking fresh approaches to demands for change and reform. We believe the goals of the proposals have been designed to serve the public good by increasing the Corporation's awareness of the major impact of its decisions and policies on society at large.

The concerns expressed by Campaign G.M. represent far more than the aspirations of one group of private citizens and indeed go beyond the demand of the American consumer for safer, healthier and more durable products at reasonable cost. They are clearly pointed in the direction in which General Motors and every American corporation must move if they are to function effectively and responsibly in the difficult years ahead. As stockholders and citizens we urge that management respond affirmatively to the goals of the proposals and search for acceptable ways to realize them.

* Among the members: the John D. Rockefeller III and IV, Ralph Bunche, C. Douglas Dillon, Robert Goheen, Clark Kerr, Robert Roosa, Frank Stanton, Thomas Watson, Whitney Young.

CONGLOMERATES

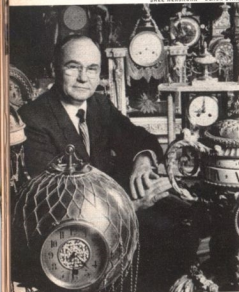
Jim Ling Forced Out

Well, one chief executive said to me that the chief executive does not like to lose his manhood. When his company is taken over, he's no longer the prominent man in his industry. He no longer calls the shots, and that's a terrible blow to people who have called the shots.

—James J. Ling

In a retrospective moment last fall, Dallas Entrepreneur James Ling was recalling a trying period in 1961 when he had temporarily been shunted aside as chief executive of his Ling-Temco-Vought, Inc. Conservative bankers had mistrusted the fast-moving Ling and chosen an older man. But Ling wasted little time in winning the bankers over

SHIRL HERSHORN—BLACK STAR



COMPANY COLLECTOR POST
A thousand is now worth \$150.

and taking back his job. Last week one of the biggest and certainly the most daring of the conglomerate builders took the terrible blow again—from much the same source. At a four-hour emergency board meeting, called at the insistence of LTV's nervous bankers, Ling stepped down as chairman and chief executive in favor of Robert Stewart III, a corporate rescue expert who is chairman of the First National Bank in Dallas. Ling replaced Clyde Skeen as president of cash-strapped LTV, which had sales last year of \$3.75 billion, and the company announced that Ling and Stewart will "share policymaking responsibilities." They are going to need all the policymaking skill they can muster, for rarely has so large a corporation been so close to financial disaster.

The Squeeze Worsens. Jim Ling, to be sure, has been gambling on vast success—or flamboyant failure—ever since 1946, when he began building a tiny elec-

trical-contracting business into a huge conglomerate. He took his greatest risk in 1968 with the purchase of Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp., the sixth largest steel producer in the U.S. Using borrowed money, he paid too much for the company. He bought control for \$85 a share, and since then J & L stock has plummeted to \$12.75. There was little that Ling could do to stop the slide. A federal antitrust suit barred him from exercising his command.

To meet LTV's heavy interest charges on its \$862 million debt, Ling was forced to sell off National Car Rental, Staco, Inc., Wilson Sporting Goods, Allied Radio and Whitehall Electronics, as well as most of the conglomerate's holdings in Computer Technology and some of its stock in Braniff Airways. Last week the cash squeeze got worse when Jones & Laughlin directors voted to omit the quarterly dividend—cutting off \$4.2 million in income that LTV could have applied to its debts.

Up a Few Notches. That last setback only emphasized LTV's mounting difficulties. Early this year Troy V. Post, a Dallas insurance millionaire and longtime patron of Ling's, began agitating for a radical shake-up in the conglomerate. A collector of antique clocks as well as modern corporations, Post merged his holding company, Greatamerica Corp., with LTV in 1968. In return for their shares, Greatamerica stockholders got a package of LTV debentures and stock warrants; but each \$1,000 debenture is now worth only \$150. LTV's stock plunged from around \$100 a share at the time of the acquisition to a low of \$8.37 last week. Post put himself on the LTV board in February. When the first quarter ended with a \$6.5 million loss and there was no turnaround in sight, Post's patience became shorter. Banker Stewart, 44, who was elected to the board just last month, joined with Post to force Ling's ouster.

"It was this simple," says one of the directors. "The first thing at the meeting, Bob Stewart got up and said he was speaking for all of the banks and lenders. They were so concerned over the situation and the outlook for the company that they insisted a change be made—that Stewart go in as chairman. Bob said that the banks had reached a point where they were ready to pull out—ready to recall their notes—if some big change weren't made immediately. Jim took it like a man and went up a few notches in my estimation."

Dallas Worries. Ling was not the only one to take a beating. Later in the meeting, a procession of vice presidents marched in, one by one, to share in the bitter medicine. Each announced how many people he had on his staff and how many he was going to fire. On the next day, 64 out of 160 headquarters staff members were dropped. LTV employs some 25,000 people in the Dallas area, and city fathers are frankly worried about the future of the company. In the last quarter of 1969, LTV Elec-

trosystems laid off one-third of its 1,600 employees. In the past four months, LTV Aerospace has dropped 5,000 workers in Dallas.

The LTV board itself was pruned from 20 to 14 directors, and each of those remaining has or represents a direct investment in the company. For example, E. Grant Fitts, the president of Gulf Life Holding Co., is accountable to his stockholders for LTV securities that once had a value of some \$34 million but are now worth only about \$8.8 million. The word around headquarters last week was that Braniff Airways President Harding Lawrence, husband of Adwoman Mary Wells Lawrence, will be a powerful figure on the new LTV board.

Balky Judge. LTV must repay \$55 million in interest to its banks next January and an equal amount next July; a primary problem of the new board is meeting those installments. Last week

BUSINESS WEEK—PHOTOGRAPH



ENTREPRENEUR LING
Taking it like a man.

LTV announced that it expected to repay up to \$47 million of the debt "in the near future." The money will come from the sale of Wilson Sporting Goods, which was disposed of in February. Discussions have also been going on with several possible purchasers of Braniff Airways and Okonite Co., two sizable pieces of LTV that Ling agreed to sell in return for the Justice Department's withdrawal of its J & L antitrust suit. Those sales could be held up, however, by Federal Judge Louis Rosenberg, who will begin hearings next week in Pittsburgh to satisfy himself that the settlement will be in the public interest.

Ultimately, LTV may not survive; the possibility of its demise is openly discussed in Wall Street and Dallas. The low price of LTV's debentures indicates that many investors do not expect them to be paid off. If the 14th largest industrial company in the U.S. should go under, the real danger would be in the psychological shock on other conglomerates—as well as on the demoralized stock market and the nation's queasy economy.

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you'd wear a Rolex

When the gun sounds off Newport for the America's Cup, the best watch in the world will be on board.

It is a big, tough watch.

The Geneva-made Oyster case, for example, is carved out of a solid block of Swedish stainless steel. Inside its solid, pressure-proof walls is a self-winding 30-jewel date chronometer movement with accuracy certified by an official Swiss Institute for Chronometer Tests.

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The watch they and their helmsmen wear is the Rolex Date Submariner. It's guaranteed pressure-proof down to 660 feet.*

\$265 with matching bracelet; in 18 kt. gold \$1,275.

Other Rolex Oyster Perpetual Chronometers—in steel, steel and gold, or gold—from \$187.50.

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MODERN LIVING

Pushbuttons v. Drunks

The party's over. Now for that long drive back home to sleep it off. You weave your way to your 1975 Chevrolet, climb in, settle back and turn the ignition key. Five numbers light up in red on your dashboard—and quickly go out. What were they? You try to repeat that sequence by quickly punching five numbered buttons in the proper order; in your stupor, you are too slow—or you get one number wrong. Try again. A different sequence of numbers flashes on. Another miss. Better pull yourself together and concentrate. But you fail for the third time and you know that now the car won't start at all for another half-hour; it has sensed that you are not sober enough to drive safely.

Science fiction? Not according to Trevor O. Jones, automotive-safety products director for General Motors' AC Electronics Division. He has developed and already built a prototype of a



Time Diagram by V. Pugh

physiological tester that, installed in the dashboard, can judge a driver's condition and—if necessary—prevent him from starting his car. If the electronic device proves effective in tests this summer with volunteers from Marquette University School of Medicine, it may some day be standard safety equipment in U.S. automobiles.

Jones was inspired to invent his tester by highway statistics, which show that half of the drivers involved in fatal accidents have alcohol in their blood. But the device—which is designed to screen drunks by testing judgment, visual acuity, short-term memory and coordinated motor response—will also weed out drug users and those who are mentally or physically deficient. To satisfy the demanding gadget, a driver must be able to read the relatively small lighted numbers, memorize them, recall them, and punch them into the keyboard in a coordinated response within a few seconds. If he can perform these functions he is fit for the road. If he cannot—in three tries—the tester shuts off for a half-hour, giving him time to sober up before another attempt.

General Motors is aware that the public will not stampede to buy and install

the testers, no matter how inexpensive they are. "Who wants to buy something that will curb his own mobility?" admits Jones. But if the device is perfected, there eventually could be legislation to require its installation in all cars. "That's what happened with seat belts," he notes.

Before any such laws are passed, Jones must build a few additional safeguards into his brainchild. How, for example, can the tester prevent an inebriated driver from cheating by calling on a friend or parking-lot attendant for help?

Down to the Sea in Style

Women have long appeared as badly suited for water as fish out of it. Bathing suits did them proud on the beach, but anyone intent on snorkeling or scuba diving was bound to find her bikini at loose ends down in the deep. Trouble was that so few women were interested in underwater sports that designers gave little thought to aquatic chic. By now, though, female skindivers are everywhere, and fashion has caught up with their demands; at long last they are able to go down to the sea in style.

Shocking as Eels. The new wet suits, exotic and brilliant as tropical fish, keep women just as fashionable under water as they should be on the sands of St. Tropez. Diving outfits by White Stag and Healthways glimmer in vivid hues; Parkway Fabricators offers a spectrum of shades, plus prints and patterns in color combinations as shocking as eels. The Voit Rubber Corp. highlights a collection of dazzlingly designed short-sleeved jackets, most popular for water-skiing but also considered eminently useful by such diverse divers as Prince Rainier of Monaco and Mets Pitcher Jerry Koosman.

Underwater wear has not always looked so good. Time was when the only safe way an amateur diver could tolerate cold deep-sea temperatures was in the same sort of black rubber "dry suit" (so-called because it kept water out) worn by U.S. Navy frogmen during World War II. Effective but cumbersome, the old suit required courses in calisthenics to put it on: one version had to be squirmed into through the neck hole, another through a single narrow slit in the front. Getting dressed too quickly resulted in overheating and perspiration. Appropriately enough, it was the company owned by famed French Underwater Explorer Jacques Cousteau (U.S. Divers Co.) that studied the problems of the dry suit and answered them in the marketplace with the wet suit.

Death on Foam. The basic strategy in wet-suit design is not to keep water out but to let just enough in to absorb body heat and circulate it. To achieve that end, manufacturers used a specially treated synthetic rubber called foam neo-

prene (containing tiny bubbles of trapped gas for better insulation) that allowed the proper slow seepage of water. But the early wet suits looked as awful as dry suits, only wetter. And they were black. Dye, it turned out, was death on foam neoprene; any injection of color considerably weakened the rubber. So did regular exposure to air. Finally the solution was found: a protective nylon knit fabric that would adhere to the neoprene and keep it durable whatever the color or weather.

Slingshot Neckline. For dedicated swimmers who do not plunge to the depths, there is still the old tank suit, but Gertrude Ederle would be astounded. Hardly a high-fashion designer has not had his way with it; as a result, the style abounds in a flurry of top-label interpretations, all faithful to the pure lines and practicality of the original,

N. Y. DAILY NEWS



EDERLE IN 1956

She'd be astounded.

but a far cry away in fit and flair. Geoffrey Beene and Jacques Tiffeau stick to the basic, scoop-necked design, but Donald Brooks makes a slingshot of the neckline of his black ribbed-nylon version; Bill Blass plunges one tank top to the waist and leaves one entire shoulder off another. Children's Designer Florence Eiseman, yielding to demands by mothers who want to look as good as daughters, makes a terry-cloth tank suit that absorbs figure faults along with water.

But for genuine long-distance swimmers, the tank suit to put it all on is White Stag's Speedo. The all-nylon suit, worn by all but one of the 1968 Olympic Gold Medal winners, can even be had with a racing stripe down the side. Speedo wearers do not even have to make the crawl from Dover to Calais: the suit looks authentic enough to get there on its own.



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On the rocky shore of Cozumel, a resort island off Yucatán, a shapely snorkeler displays the latest look in underwater fashions, a lizard-patterned wet suit from Parkway Fabricators.

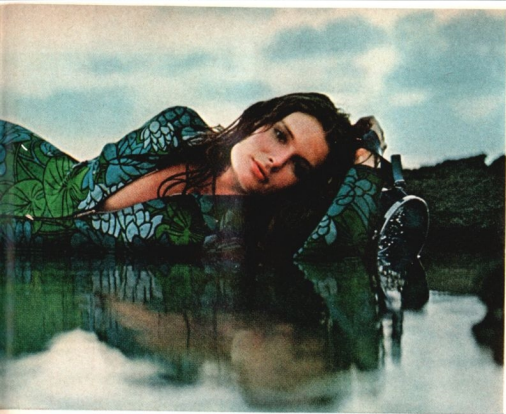
More warmly clad for deep scuba dives, her companion (right) rivals the spectacular underwater sights with a full suit in "international orange" by Richard's Sporting Goods.



Able to descend to any depth in her Hawaiian-print two-piece suit from Parkway, this modern mermaid lounges in a shallow pool of water between dives.



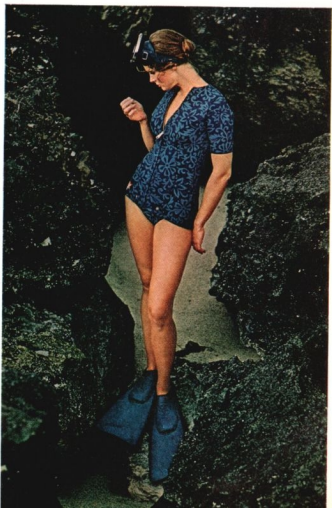
A lissome spearfisher (left) poses in her terry-cloth maillot and matching gear by Courrèges.



Both fashion and function are served by White Stag's new wet suit (below), which is designed for snorkeling, surfing, water skiing or simply luring.

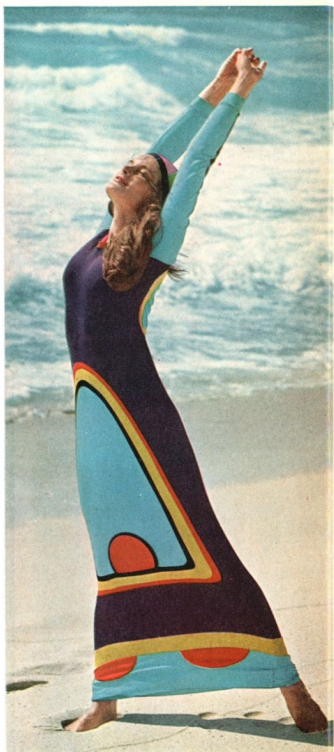


In her wet-suit jacket by Parkway, an underwater explorer relaxes on the jagged coast of Cozumel.





Designed to warm the onlooker rather than the occupant, this silver mesh swimsuit by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo manages to seem ample in front, but has nothing more than a G string in back, almost completely baring the buttocks.



After a day of energetic underwater activities, an exhilarated snorkeler makes a dramatic appearance on the Cozumel beach in a bright and body-conscious, op-art dress by Puerto Rico's Santos Santiago.

THE THEATER

After Innocence, What?

From time to time, the members of the cast line up, face the audience and flash shy, charming smiles. They march a lot too, keeping time by smacking sticks and shaking tambourines. They love to pretend they are being birds and animals. If necessary, they will speak. But they prefer to sing, dance or grunt as they mime their mysterious little charades—a kind of show-and-mostly-don't-tell.

Precocious moppets at a kindergarten assembly? Wrong. Joseph Chaikin's off-off-Broadway Open Theater. But that first impression may not be entirely mistaken. For the Open Theater plays a brilliant game of neo-innocence. It peels down actors to their childlike selves and doubles back to drama's origins: religious processions, Dionysian revels.

Chaikin—a monkish-looking slumlord of the Living Theater—is also stripping the Tired Old Theatergoer to his preprop basics. Audiences bored with seeing curtains go up on living rooms that imitate their own will find themselves confronted by inner rather than outer realities. Chaikin says that he is striving toward "a theater of ritual dreams, phantoms, clowns, monsters." In other words, the pure joys, and terrors, of make-believe.

Beginning to Surface. Since 1963, the Open Theater has been testing theories and practices chiefly before semiprivate audiences in small New York theaters or at the anonymous distance of European stages. Chaikin is a fervid anti-publicist who has kept underground despite the Open Theater's operative role in two famous productions: Jean-Claude van Itallie's *America Hurrah* and Megan Terry's *Viet Rock*. Whether Chaikin wants it or not, his Open Theater troupe is beginning to surface as one of the best experimental companies in the U.S.—and certainly the most disciplined.

During a recent visit to Harvard's Loeb Drama Center, the Open Theater demonstrated its traditional expertise at oldfangled script-drama with a superbly subtle production of *Endgame*. Chaikin himself counterpointed Beckett's black doomplay with a singsong, smiling-Buddha portrayal of blind, crippled Hamm. Beckett's line, "Nothing is funnier than unhappiness," might have served as production motto.

Ceremony of World Birth. But Cambridge audiences came to see the original works developed in ensemble by the Open Theater: *Terminal* and *The Serpent*. Death is the deliberative theme of *Terminal*, but as with *Endgame*, there was a paradoxical buoyancy to the brief evening (playing time: a little over an hour). In fact, the moments that pretended to morbidity were the moments that failed—most conspicuously, a deadpan lecture on the art of embalming and a rather derivative attempt to dramatize



SCENE FROM "TERMINAL"
A buoyant death.

dying, American-style, as an induction center through which the imminent dead get processed like draftees.

On the other hand, a savage dance of chanted resistance to death—to say nothing of Viet Nam and polluted air—burst with demonic energy. For *Terminal* reverses the adage to read: In the midst of death, we are in life.

In *The Serpent*, loosely based on *Genesis*, all the lyricism latent in the Open Theater comes out. To begin their ceremony of world birth, barefoot members of the company squatted in the aisles of the antiseptically modern Loeb Theater. With a slow crescendo of whistles, tinklings and click-clacks, they signaled to one another, and to the audience they had infiltrated like Indians, that the creation indeed was on.



SCENE FROM "THE SERPENT"
A happy apple treeful.

A bare square outlined in red on the stage defined the Garden of Eden. There, a happy apple treeful of writhing serpents advised Eve to Do It, rather as if they were pushing pot. The discovery of sex gets staged as a sort of ballet of mass copulation. (Filmgoers can see the Open Theater perform roughly the same scene in *Zabriskie Point*.)

The invention of murder is even more ingenious: Cain learns how to kill Abel with the trial-and-error self-instruction of a man inventing the first wheel. All ends on a chorus of *Moonlight Bay* that seems to forecast with terrifying accuracy the sweetly ominous banality of millions of lives to come as sex and murder endlessly cycle.

The rhythms of life—sometimes sweet, more often jerking and spastic—are the raw material this remarkable company plays with. As for words, "Whatever I know, I know it without words," says *The Serpent*. Tacit and immediate, the Open Theater uncannily reflects the present-day audience—inarticulateness, frustration with words, an instinct to feel rather than explain, a deep nostalgia for a proverbial lost innocence.

But a theater of no-talk would omit almost as much life as a theater of nothing-but-talk. Besides, innocence is not really a final end, in art or in life. And so, like the rest of us, the Open Theater will have to face up to the new American question: After innocence, what? And part of the answer may be: words. More words—the punishment and the consolation of post-Adamites, fallen but not alone.

Hiss the Father

Lemon Sky is one of those plays about a sensitive adolescent living in a troubled family under the wrathful eye of a callous and cruel parent (usually the father) who subsequently becomes a sensitive young playwright who writes plays like *Lemon Sky*. When such a play comes from the heart, it can be lyrically powerful. Tennessee Williams' *The Glass Menagerie* is the classic example. A first-rate drama of this kind opened off-Broadway a few weeks ago, *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds*, and deservedly won the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award as the best American play of the season.

Lemon Sky is an indifferent sample of the genre, possibly because it comes mainly from Playwright Lanford Wilson's larynx. His hero, Alan, is a compulsive monologist who alternates between flip quips and narcissistic arias of self-pity. The interspersing of frequent asides and stream-of-consciousness speeches creates the undramatic effect of a man too busy commenting on his life to live it. As Alan, Christopher Walken handles these technical devices with an admirable fluidity, and makes the boy more humanly vulnerable than his words. In the hiss-the-father department, Charles Durning fashions an equally well-shaded portrait of a smarmy hypocrite, instant bully and moral ferret.

ENVIRONMENT

SST: Boon or Boom-Doggle?

The supersonics are coming—as surely as tomorrow. You will be flying one version or another by 1980 and be trying to remember what the great debate was all about.

—Najeeb Halaby

What the great debate is all about is whether the U.S. supersonic transport, a sleek, needle-shaped bird programmed to fly above the weather at 2½ times the speed of sound, will be a boon, as Pan American World Airways President Halaby predicts, or if, in the words of Ecology Buff Arthur Godfrey, it will be “a boom-doggle.” To a growing number of critics, the latter seems likely.

While chairing a joint congressional subcommittee hearing on the SST two weeks ago, Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire labeled the program a waste. At issue was whether Congress should appropriate another \$290 million to help industry develop the aircraft. The Government has already spent more than \$700 million, and plans to spend a total of at least \$1.3 billion. Along with the spiraling cost, Senator Proxmire was angered by the Department of Transportation's failure to present reports on the ecological effects of the SST to Russell Train, chairman of the White House Council on Environmental Quality.

Bang-Zone. Like Proxmire, ecologists are concerned about the potential threat of the SST to the environment. Many of their misgivings are documented in the *S/S/T and Sonic Boom Handbook*, a hot-selling (150,000 copies to date) paperback edited by William Shurcliff, director of a pressure group called the Citizens League Against the Sonic Boom. The *Handbook* contends that a single SST, flying from New York to California, would leave a “bang-zone” 50 miles wide by 2,000 miles long. But some tests indicate that this bang at SST's operational height of 60,000 ft. will resemble distant thunder rather than a full-scale sonic boom.

While SST flights may be banned from populated areas, some ecologists fear that economic necessity may reverse this pattern. If this happens, they say, sonic booms generated as SSTs fly at speeds in excess of the speed of sound could upset people who do delicate work (brain surgeons) and may also harm persons with nervous ailments.

More ominously, some scientists have warned that SSTs could envelop the earth in a “global gloom” by dumping water vapor into the stratosphere, where it

could hang suspended for long periods of time. Presidential Adviser Russell Train himself warns that a fleet of 500 SSTs flying at 65,000 ft. for a period of years could raise stratospheric water content by as much as 50% to 100%.

“This could be very significant,” Train told the Proxmire subcommittee, “because observations indicate the water vapor content of the stratosphere has already increased about 50% over the last five years.” A water-vapor blanket, Train contends, could lead to greater ground-level heat and hamper the formation of ozone that shields the earth from the sun's ultraviolet rays.

Proponents of the SST point out that

BOB WRIGHT—MIAMI NEWS



the aircraft represents a technological advance in aviation, with valuable spin-offs for other segments of the economy. They also stress that every effort is being made to make the aircraft environmentally compatible. A major blast against SST critics was delivered recently in a trade journal article by Wayne W. Parrish, aviation editor of Ziff-Davis Publishing. Said Parrish of the yet-to-be-flown U.S. SST: “There is nothing quite so convenient as a target that hasn't been seen or heard.”

Atlantic River. All the same, SST defenders have still not offered convincing proposals for dealing with the supersonics' most pressing problem: ear-shattering “sideline” noise generated at takeoff and landing. According to one estimate, the airport roar of a single SST will match that of five jumbo jets. Proposed solutions to sideline noise and sonic boom have thus far been less than encouraging. Some scientists have proposed recycling jet engine exhausts to reduce noise. Others have suggested powerful electrostatic fields to ionize and brush aside air molecules before they can pile up and form boom-producing shock waves.

In spite of all the flack, the SST program last week received a substantial

boost when the House Appropriations Committee approved the \$290 million requested for further development. Congress, reflecting on the millions already sunk into the aircraft, may well vote for continued, if reduced funding. But whether the SST will, in the words of Halaby, “turn the Atlantic into a river and the Pacific into a lake,” or turn both into an ecological quagmire, remains to be seen. At about \$40 million per plane (v. \$23 million per jumbo jet), the U.S. SST has also left many people wondering whether such huge sums should be spent merely to get a relatively small number of travelers across the Atlantic and Pacific a few hours faster. Elwood Quesada, who was the Federal Aviation Agency's first administrator and is currently an American Airlines board member,

frankly told the congressional subcommittee: “The feeling among airline executives is to wish that the SST would go away.”

Rethinking Cities

The American city is commonly portrayed as hovering on the brink of decay and disaster. Is this picture overdrawn? Indeed it is, according to a recently published book, *The Unheavenly City*, that has found favor with the Nixon Administration and has aroused considerable controversy among academicians. Combining a ruthless logic of argument with an engaging tolerance of tone, Edward Banfield, 53, professor of urban government at Harvard, contends that many urban problems are largely imaginary. In fact, says Banfield, the cities are performing better than ever.

To arrive at such a heretical position, Banfield discounts the opinions of many big-city dwellers, from the poor to the mayors. As he sees it, people complain too much. Cities have problems, but they vary in importance. Thus he views traffic congestion as part of the price of living in a vital city; such discomforts can be tolerated, if not enjoyed. Indeed, the city environment is not necessarily the most important aspect of a city. “One has only to read Machiavelli's history of Florence,” writes Banfield, “to see that living in a beautiful city is not in itself enough to bring out the best in one. So far as their humanity is concerned, the people of, say, Jersey City compare very favorably to the Florentines of the era of that city's greatest glory.”

Inexorable Progress. Banfield believes that American cities are turning out a relatively humane citizenry—and an increasingly healthier one. It has been the traditional function of the city, in fact, to attract the rural poor, both from the U.S. and abroad, and to provide them with better jobs and a better life. This process is not always apparent; often it is accompanied by what seems to be an upsurge

in human misery, as the poor crowd into low-cost housing in the center of the city. But inexorably, they move up the social scale and out into more pleasant surroundings on the city's periphery. This includes blacks, who—says Banfield—are moving up and out just as rapidly as past immigrant groups.

Banfield concedes that 15% to 20% of ghetto blacks do not seem to make any progress and remain mired in poverty and malaise. But he argues that the city is not to blame. These unfortunates constitute what he calls the lower class, and they remain fairly impervious to any sort of assistance. Departing radically from conventional analysis, Banfield maintains that their plight lies, essentially, neither in discrimination nor lack of in-

day, he complains, "doing good is becoming a growth industry, like the other forms of mass entertainment."

Altruism and Racism. By denouncing whites for racism, suggests Banfield, the altruists merely reinforce black-white conflict. "It is bad enough to suffer real prejudice, as every Negro does, without having to suffer imaginary prejudice as well. Driving it into him that he is the victim of the white man's hate and greed makes it all the more difficult for him to feel that he is a man first and a Negro second."

The programs offered by the altruists are highly dubious too, according to Banfield. Large-scale employment programs are self-defeating because they draw more of the rural poor to the cities and

upsurge in immigration of the unskilled, he anticipates an elimination of all urban poverty by the year 2000. This will be accomplished by economic growth and an eventual decline in the percentage of the youthful poor who require the bulk of the services and cause most of the trouble in the cities. These changes, says Banfield, will do more than even the most massive federal programs to keep the city a fit place to live.

Such a ringing defense of the urban environment can be cheered by those who have long suffered the ills of the city—or think they have. Yet disquieting questions remain. Has Banfield quite grasped the tumult of feelings involved in being black? He may have underestimated the less obvious, lingering forms

SAN MARCO MUSEUM



BURNING OF SAVONAROLA IN 15TH CENTURY FLORENCE

MARTHA HOLMES



HIGH RISES IN JERSEY CITY, N.J.

Turning out a relatively humane citizenry—and an increasingly wealthier one.

come, but in their class outlook: they are rigidly present-minded and they do not want to postpone immediate pleasure in order to secure some future gain. In this respect, they are no different from lower-class whites, who show the same behavior patterns: a tendency to violence, a dislike of steady work, an inability to maintain a stable family. Even if all blacks in America turned white overnight, contends Banfield, their problems would not change much because they are basically problems of class.

To discount the importance of race to this extent seems to defy common sense, not to mention the feelings of the black community. Banfield seems on more solid ground when he attacks other long-held liberal views. He argues, for example, that Government programs have failed to do much for the urban poor. Urban renewal threw them out of their homes; antipoverty funds were wasted on useless projects. In Banfield's view, the trouble is that those who yearn to help the poor often do so more to make themselves feel good than to do good for others. They contribute moral fervor to programs only half thought out; when these programs collapse, they are too busy doing something else to notice. To-

thus do not cut urban unemployment. More schooling is no palliative, because most lower-class kids do not respond to formal training and simply grow more frustrated in a society that confines them to desks when they could be leading more exciting lives. Banfield would allow them to quit school after the ninth grade and work as truck drivers, longshoremen or lumberjacks. He would increase such jobs—and decrease racial discrimination by unions—by repealing the minimum wage and occupational licensing laws as well as laws that enable unions to exercise monopolistic powers.

Banfield also accuses the altruists of being permissive toward crime. He sees this as a new form of white racism, since blacks are the main victims of violent urban crime. It is imperative that those blacks capable of making progress—the working and middle classes—be separated from the ghettos. To spare these people from ghetto crime, Banfield would resort to some draconian measures, including preventive detention of those deemed likely to commit violent crime.

But Banfield puts less faith in any reforms than in the functioning of the city and its economy. Barring any unexpected

of discrimination that are so galling to blacks precisely because they are often too subtle to combat. If it is true that many federal programs have failed to make a dent in the city's poverty, this does not mean that others should not be tried; public housing, for example, remains a requirement for the poor at a time when not much other housing is available.

A New Laissez-Faire. Banfield has commendably deflated a certain amount of hysteria on the subject of the cities; he has shown that apocalypse does not lurk around the corner. But his scarcely disguised contempt for liberal prescriptions and his skepticism about the possibilities of reform have offended some of his fellow urbanologists who charge that he wants to return to a policy of laissez-faire. Yet his book is an honest, probing attack on a subject that is too often encumbered with tired clichés and rigidities of thought. If nothing else, Banfield has shown that there are other approaches to a consideration of the embattled city. Says James Q. Wilson, professor of government at Harvard: "Whether you agree with it or not, it is now the only serious intellectual book that has been written about urban problems."

TELEVISION

Delayed Replay

"What follows," said Walter Cronkite two-thirds of the way through a regular newscast last week, "is unusual for the CBS Evening News." Indeed it was. For the rest of the program was given over to an 8 min. 40 sec. report on the accuracy of a 1 min. 50 sec. news item that was telecast last November.

The original film was of combat at Bau Me. Though hardly another My Lai, the action included one gruesome incident. A South Vietnamese soldier pulled a knife from the side of a prostrate prisoner and then plunged it back into his bare stomach. Said Cronkite: "For reasons not entirely clear, the White House has engaged in an undercover campaign to discredit CBS News by alleging that the story was faked. This has been done by prompting receptive reporters and columnists to publish White House and Pentagon suspicions."

Specifically, CBS was upset by a story in the Des Moines Register and a Jack Anderson column syndicated in 620 papers. The Register is the old paper of Presidential Aide Clark Mollenhoff, but it seems that he did not prompt the Register on this matter. In fact, it may have been the other way round. After the Register quoted Pentagon sources to cast doubt on the Bau Me item, Mollenhoff wrote a memo lumping it with other alleged CBS News indiscretions. The memo was circulated around the White House and leaked to Anderson.

CBS replayed the Bau Me item last week, adding stop action, closeups and further background to refute Pentagon suggestions that supporting helicopters were not American, that the South Vietnamese troops were merely on a training exercise and that the prisoner may have been dead when stabbed. To debunk the last charge, CBS produced the knife wielder, Sergeant Nguyen Van Mot of the South Vietnamese Regional

Forces, who claimed that he had stabbed the prisoner in self-defense.

Cronkite summed up: "We broadcast the original story in the belief it told something about the nature of the war in Viet Nam. What has happened since then tells something about the Government and its relations with news media which carry stories the Government finds disagreeable."

To Wire a Nation

George Orwell was wrong. In the U.S., at least, television could never become an omnifarious Big Brother by 1984. A much more real threat is that it will never mature beyond the lowest common denominator of 1970. TV today seems doomed to remain an insultingly inadequate service, providing faulty reception on too few channels.

The problem is not technological. A system called cable television, or CATV, is now available and capable of delivering a choice of 60 different interference-free channels to virtually every U.S. home. The problem is not economic feasibility. Such a system would cost only about \$10 to \$20 for installation and around \$5 a month; for a reasonable supplementary charge, first-run movies, plays, opera, other cultural attractions and local professional sports events (now blacked out on TV) could all be offered without commercials.

Small wonder that Irving Kahn, president of TelePrompTer Corp., the nation's second largest CATV firm, feels that this service has as much potential as "a legal narcotic" and has long talked about hooking up 85% of U.S. households within a decade. But CATV is, in fact, now 20 years old and still reaches less than 5% of the population. And almost nowhere does it provide more than a dozen channels or programming more distinctive than conventional TV.

Piratical Origin. What stands in the way of CATV is the pre-cable entertainment industry. Flush with profits, the industry maintains powerful lobbies in Washington and boasts powerful friends; at least 30 Congressmen hold interests in TV stations, and most Federal Communications Commissioners are traditionally either drawn from the industry or go to it after they leave the commission. Conventional TV broadcasters do have very real grievances, for CATV could be piratical unless properly regulated. It was started to bring television to isolated or poor-reception areas. CATV entrepreneurs raised hilltop antennas, plucked the signals of distant channels from the air and then relayed them, generally by coaxial cable, direct to subscribers' TV sets.

Operators of regular local stations complained that when CATV cables brought extra channels into town, they lost viewers and, consequently, lost profits. The networks in turn argued that any dilution of audience and revenue

JOSEPH FABRI



"DIRTY MOVIE ON CABLE TV, TONIGHT."

would necessitate a cutback in news and public-service programming. Hollywood studios, which hold copyrights to most films and programs retransmitted by CATV, felt cheated out of royalties. For their part, moviehouse proprietors claimed that by programming recent pictures, cable firms could put them out of business.

Only 21 Million. Naturally, all parties marched on Washington, and then wheeled uncertainly amid various jurisdictions. Two years ago, the Justice Department sided with CATV, on the grounds that that was "the most promising means of achieving greater diversity in local mass-media communications." In the Senate, the result was a standoff, with John Pastore's communications subcommittee favoring traditional broadcasters and John McClellan's copyright subcommittee leaning to the CATV upstarts. The courts seemed to rule one way one week, another the next. President Johnson appointed a task force to study the matter. And the Federal Communications Commission, as usual, put up its antenna and swayed with the wind.

The chaos might be amusing except for the potential importance of CATV to the nation. Since conventional TV must broadcast to large audiences, it must seek programming with the broadest possible appeal. As of now, for instance, there will be no original theater on network TV next season because no sponsor has been found. NBC has canceled perhaps its most literate situation comedy, *My World and Welcome to It*, because it pulled too small a following—a mere 21 million. Since it costs less to operate and can be aimed at a specific audience, cable TV could, for a charge of a few dollars a home, commission its own plays or ballets for an audience of only 250,000. CATV might



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Beyond that, CATV could change the country's way of life. Its copper coaxial cables, though larger than telephone cord, have 1,000 times the communications capacity. Washington willing, the U.S. could be transformed into what some call "the wired nation." Within ten years, CATV's two-way conduits could provide set-side shopping and banking, dial-a-movie service, a burglar and fire watch, and facsimile print-outs of newspapers or even library books.

With so many dramatic possibilities for CATV becoming apparent, the FCC has finally stirred itself to action. Dean Burch, the commission's pragmatic and impatient new chairman, boned up on the 19 volumes of deliberations and depositions filed on the matter and then announced earlier this year: "It is indeed long past time for a fair compromise. Never, I've heard it said, has so much regulatory prose brought so little solution. Some of our critics are saying that we've come closer to papering the country than wiring it."

Within the next week or so, Burch and his commission are expected to issue a long-overdue solution. It seemed certain last week that the commission will authorize CATV operators to retransmit distant signals and to get into the business of pay TV. In return, they will have to set aside certain commercial time and a percentage of their gross revenues to reimburse weak local UHF stations, U.S. public (educational) television and the Hollywood copyright owners of their relayed shows.

A for Courage. TelePrompTer's Kahn hailed the reported plan as "a historic move forward for American communications policy. This is a 180° turn-around toward cable television." A TV network executive professed not to be concerned. "I'll give them an A for courage," he said, "but these proposals are neither politic nor practical."

Once the proposals are issued, further public hearings may be held that could lead to major modification and to considerable delay. But there does indeed seem to have been a turn-around. Existing TV networks and stations have hedged their bets and now own 30% of all U.S. cable systems. And if nothing else brings a compromise, increasing public pressure may force Congress to impose one. Constituents, including many of the 40% of Americans who have bought color receivers and need cable service to make their reception worth the price, are comparing their sets with their neighbors' wired ones. The FCC's present rules, for example, have so gerrymandered San Diego that some cable-connected homes can get twelve channels with studio clarity, while neighbors a block away can have no cable and can tune in only three conventional channels. Says the Congressman for that district, Lionel Van Deerlin: "CATV is an idea whose time has come. All the armies of the world couldn't stop it."

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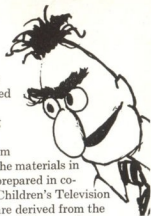
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MUSIC

Hit It, Zubin

"Most rock groups could not do this sort of thing because they cannot read music," said Zubin Mehta confidently. "Frank Zappa, on the other hand, is one of the few rock musicians who knows my language." As conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Mehta is known not only for his willingness to step in where many Angelinos fear to tread but for his ability to get away with it musically. In the peerless leader of the Mothers of Invention (TIME, Oct. 31), however, Mehta was taking on a man whose main goal in life seems to be to zap the musical establishment.

The odd musical conjunction of the two men also involved 104 stunned

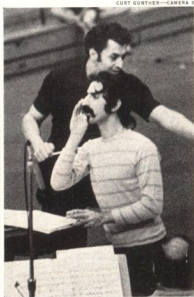
Zubin hit it, they hit it too. When the rest of the orchestra said "Bleep," the violins joined in. When they were required to do fey finger snaps over their heads, they complied. When asked to belch, literally, they drew the line and said "Blurrp." When Percussionist William Kraft, dutifully following the score, fired a popgun, they played on unblinking. Meanwhile, platformed six feet above the orchestra, the Mothers were lullabying away at some of their "greatest hits," like *Lumpy Gravy*, *Duke of Prunes* and *Who Needs the Peace Corps*. Then, everyone in the orchestra suddenly screamed, one final frightening chord was heard, and with a giant blurrp 200 *Motels* closed down for the night.

No complaints, however, were heard from the Philharmonic management, clearly overjoyed to have got its players into the same hall with that many young people and brought \$33,000 into the box office. As for Mehta, if he did not have the last laugh, he at least had the last lash: despite Zappa's protests, he cut out the entire second part of 200 *Motels*. Just as well. Part 2 calls for a chorus to blow bubbles through straws and the soprano soloist to sing "Munchkins get me hot."

Nicotine Cantata

Nightclubs have always had their own brand of pollution: cigarette smoke. But now one nightclub chanteuse at least is trying to clear the air. Felicia Sanders, sometimes known as "the American Edith Piaf," recently introduced *It's a Drag* to patrons of Manhattan's Rainbow Grill, an elegant gin-mill-in-the-sky atop the RCA Building. Though the customers habitually puff away until the air turns blue, Sanders' smoky boogie had them snuffing out their cigarettes in alarm.

Except for its opening, a deceptively mild verse of *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, the lyrics of *It's a Drag* were written by Milt Robertson and are a pastiche of radio and TV anti-smoking spots. "I don't have no more blood in my bloodstream," Felicia sings rasply, "just a mixture of tar and nicotine. So give it up, put it down and leave it there." She smiles brightly through her recital of nicotine terrors, gets progressively hoarser, ends in a thoroughly convincing coughing fit. Created by Sanders and her husband, Pianist-Arranger Irving Joseph, *It's a Drag* is a confession of the singer's own past. She smoked half a pack a day for 20 years. "I got so I couldn't breathe properly, and I started worrying about my voice." As a singing crusader, though, Felicia Sanders has discovered she has a private price to pay: "The song reminds me I've just quit smoking. When I get to my dressing room, I want a cigarette so bad I could just die."



ZAPPA (FRONT) & MEHTA
He who lashed last, lashed best.

members of the Los Angeles Philharmonic gathered for the world premiere of Zappa's 200 *Motels*, written for the Mothers and orchestra. What the concert, held before 11,000 rock fans at the U.C.L.A. basketball arena, mainly proved is that any marriage between rock and the classics is likely to be stormy indeed. As the Mothers' Bassist Jeff ("Swoovette") Simmons said tolerantly of the orchestra: "Those dudes are really out of it, man. It's like working with people from another planet."

There were times when the orchestra players felt the same way about Zappa and his matriarchy. Attired in pony tail and yellow-striped pants, Zappa started things off himself: "All right, Zubin, hit it." That was a bit brazen and did not go over too well with the violins, who outnumber everybody else and use their weight to preserve a little decorum now and then. Nonetheless, when

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ART

Bronze Realists

The hottest "underground" figure in the international art world is a 28-year-old Dutch sculptor who has never exhibited in a big-city museum or gallery, and is not even an abstractionist. He is Kees (rhymes with bays) Verkade, who makes small, unpretentious bronzes of athletes and urban dwellers—hardly the thing, it would seem, to cause a tremor in these days of earth works and conceptual art. Yet within the past year Verkade's works have been eagerly sought and bought by private collectors from Holland to Hollywood.

Verkade has a gift for freezing an action at its most expressive moment. Connoisseurs with the special expertise of Hank Greenberg's son Glenn praise the split-second accuracy of his baseball players. "The guy," says one admirer, "has a stroboscopic eye." But Verkade goes far beyond mere reportage. He has an instinct for attitude and gesture that invites comparison with Degas and, in another medium, Daumier. He can catch the slump of an old man's shoulders as he sits alone on a park bench, waiting for nothing; the sweet awkwardness of a young mother holding her baby.

Spreading Word. Verkade wanted to be a commercial artist in advertising, but failed the entrance exam at Amsterdam's Rijveld art academy. After a brief fling with abstract painting, he turned to figurative sculpture at the Royal Academy in The Hague, then started out in a tiny studio near Haarlem. One day last summer, Photographer David Douglas Duncan saw Verkade's bronzes, was impressed, bought some and began telling collector friends about his discovery. Word spread quickly. During one three-week period, Verkade received orders from America for nearly 40 statues.

Verkade is one of a whole group of busy sculptors whose realistic bronzes seldom get a big play on the art pages, but continue to sell. The Remington-esque cowboys of Wyoming-bred Harry Jackson are snapped up as fast as he can turn them out, at prices in four and five

figures. David Aronson's neo-Gothic gargoyles, angels and prophets regularly sell out in editions of eight and twelve.

Captured Moments. The most ornate stylist in this group is Italian-born Bruno Lucchesi, whose vibrant Tuscan peasants and East Village hippies are currently on view at Manhattan's Forum Gallery. Like Verkade, Lucchesi has a stop-action photographic eye and delights in off-center, cantilevered poses that seem to defy the laws of gravity. He too specializes in capturing moments of everyday human drama. One work in his current exhibition shows an old woman lying on her deathbed with a grief-stricken young girl stretched out across her legs. "It's a tribute to my mother, who died last year," the sculptor explains. "The other person on the bed is really my soul, I guess."

Lucchesi's sculptures are as Italian as Verkade's are Dutch. He works up his figures with a *quattrocento* Florentine passion for detail, and flings off flying draperies with the airy exuberance of a Bernini. The son of a Tuscan shepherd too poor to send him to art school, he learned his first lessons from the monuments in cemeteries, later managed to study in Florence. There he met and married a Brooklyn girl; and when they came to America in 1957, he began to exhibit in his father-in-law's picture-frame shop in Greenwich Village.

Lucchesi is proud of the antique effects he achieves with his small figures. "Doesn't it look 400 years old?" he asks of one. It does. But like Verkade and the other bronze realists, Lucchesi gives a personal, 20th century turn to the august sonorities of a traditional style.

Loose Weaves

Tapestries: the very word conjures up the past—grand, remote, rather faded. Although the art of tapestry weaving is ancient, a number of present-day practitioners are proving that the results can still be new and fresh. France's famous tapestry factories, which date back to the 17th century, today keep a corps of weavers busy turning out bold, flat, colorfully stylized designs

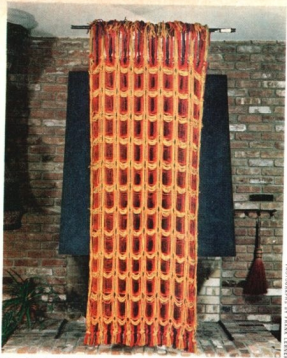
by Matisse, Vasarely and Jean Lurçat.

An important designer at the Aubusson factory is Hungarian-born Mathieu Matégot, 60, whose abstract yet evocative works are now on exhibit at San Francisco's M.H. De Young Memorial Museum. In *Arizona*, the jagged patches of orange, yellow and brown suggest a Southwestern desert landscape. The tall, sail-shaped stripes of *Régates* evoke a boat race amid shafts of sun and wind. In *Icare*, the flame-colored, bird-like shapes against an indigo background may well reflect the Greek legend of the mortal who tried to fly to the sun and ended up plunging into the sea in flames. But as in most of his works, says Matégot, the title did not come until after the design was completed.

Free Forms. Even less tied to traditional ways than Matégot, a few hardy pioneers have stopped creating designs for factories and begun making their own free-form wall hangings. They work directly with such out-of-the-way materials as jute, sisal and new synthetic yarns, which they knit, tie and wrap into works so offbeat that baffled customs officials sometimes confuse them with rugs.

Swiss-born New Yorker Françoise Grossen knots wool and sisal into shields of intricate scalloping. The shaggy tapestries of Poland's Magdalena Abakanowicz have the look of untanned animal hides. The loose, three-dimensional web of New Yorker Sherri Smith's *Volcano no. 10* hangs clear of the wall so it can be seen from either side. Paris-based Nebraska Sheila Hicks abandoned the loom altogether to create her modular *The Principal Wife*, eight individual units that hang from a rod and can be added to indefinitely.

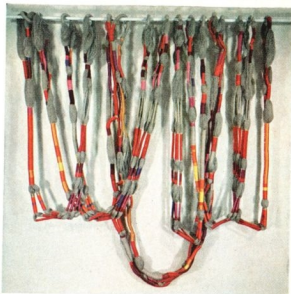
These intensely personal works find favor with modern architects and interior designers, who like the handmade, one-of-a-kind individuality they bring to austere apartment and office buildings. They also appeal to the young. A few weeks ago a white-bearded professor from France's tradition-bound Académie des Beaux-Arts asked Sheila Hicks to give a course in tapestries, "but not the factory kind." To his young students, even the highly abstract "woven paintings" of Matégot are out of date.



Sherri Smith's "Volcano no. 10" hangs clear of the wall.

Mathieu Matégot's "Icare"

WALL HANGINGS FOR TODAY



Sheila Hicks' "The Principal Wife" loops over a pole.



An act of the gods made this the best tasting rum in the world.

Leilani Rum is made in Hawaii.
And as legend has it, it's made with
the help of three gods.

The god of Volcanoes. The god of
Sun. And the god of Rain.

The god of Volcanoes gave us the
volcanic soil to grow the finest sugar
cane in the world.

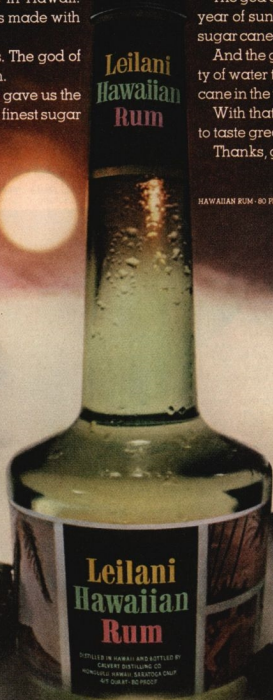
The god of Sun gave us 350 days a
year of sunshine to grow the richest
sugar cane in the world.

And the god of Rain gave us plen-
ty of water to grow the juiciest sugar
cane in the world.

With that kind of help, Leilani has
to taste great.

Thanks, gods.

HAWAIIAN RUM - 80 PROOF - CALVERT DIST. CO. - HONOLULU, HAWAII



THE PRESS

South Toward Home

"Very few people really know Willie Morris," says David Halberstam of his friend and editor at *Harper's* magazine. "On the first level—perhaps you've read his book, *North Toward Home*—you visualize some terribly brilliant, worldly young editor. Then you meet him—the second level—and you confront this drawing, rather slovenly, Good Ole Mississippi Boy, all wide-eyed and awed by the Big Cave, as he calls New York City. And you say, 'My God, this guy is a fraud.' Then there's a third level, one he doesn't let many see, where you discover behind these two guises this very complicated, enormously sophisticated, strong man."

Third-level Willie Morris is now accessible to those who don't know him in the 120th Anniversary number of *Harper's*, out last week. This time he has turned south toward home, going back to his hometown of Yazoo City (pop. 14,000, slightly more than 50% black) in these days of court-ordered integration. The 22-page result, entitled "Yazoo . . . notes on survival," is thoughtful, deeply personal and brutally honest. Morris, now 35, leaves nothing out, not his ex-wife's hatred of Yazoo, not even an intensely Southern "premonition that had been working its way up my frontal lobe . . . that I would meet there, on my home ground, a violent death, perhaps even a death accompanied by mutilation and unfathomable horror. My premonition had an animal force to it, unlike the other premonitions in my life. *Some bastard is going to kill me in Yazoo.*"

Alluvial Soil. Morris was not killed. But the fear is always there, and Morris' essay witnesses the collision of boyhood recollections and journalistic reality. Or, as the author puts it, "the old warring impulses of one's sensibility to be both Southern and American." Morris' roots are sunk deep into "the black alluvial soil" of the Mississippi Delta, and "the pleasant, driftless Southern life" is his heritage and the source of his sensibility. But he has been 15 years away: to college in Texas, to England as a Rhodes scholar, back to Texas as an editor of the two-fisted weekly *Texas Observer*, and the past seven years in Manhattan. Driving through Yazoo's "streets which are a map on my consciousness, I see the familiar places—the hills and trees and houses, in a strange, dreamlike quality, as if what I am seeing here is not truly real, but faintly blurred images caught in my imagination from a more pristine time."

The Mississippi that he rediscovers retains its "extraordinary apposition of violence and gentleness," but is also subtly changed. Segregated schoolhouses in Yazoo were eliminated smoothly, although classrooms remained black and white. Morris shows the new

mood: the white postman playing cards with three Negroes on his route; the white father who will not send his children to the white private school, because it is based on "pure ole hate." And, Morris writes, "I would see among blacks a new commitment to Mississippi as a place, as a frontier for redeeming some lost quality in the American soul . . . This generation of children, white and black, in Yazoo will not, I sense, be so isolated as mine, for they will be confronted quite early with the things

BURTON BERINSKY—C. D. W. LTD.



"HARPER'S" EDITOR MORRIS
The third level is now accessible.

it took me years to learn, or that I have not learned at all."

Morris' journalistic learning, or non-learning, began at age twelve, when he became sports "editor" of the *Yazoo Herald*. A decade later he came briefly to public attention when, as student editor of the University of Texas newspaper, he editorially accused the Governor and state legislators of collusion with oil and gas interests. He was asked to resign, but refused. The university countered by appointing a faculty supervisor for the paper. The next day Morris wrote that the appointee would "bring to the *Daily Texan* . . . the sensitivity of high salary and position."

After four years in England, Morris returned to his gaudy role, as editor of the *Observer*. John Fischer, editor of *Harper's* (himself a former Rhodes scholar who liked to keep tabs on that elite tribe), then called to offer him an editing job. Morris took it, and for four years worked quietly in Manhattan. In 1967, at Fischer's urging, *Harper's* president, John Cowles Jr., made Morris the youngest editor in chief of the oldest literary magazine in the U.S. "Making him editor," says one *Harper's* staffer, "was Fischer's revenge on the New

York Jewish Intellectual Establishment. Little did he know."

Morris knew. He brought a Texas friend, Larry King, to the magazine, lured Pulitzer Prizewinner David Halberstam away from the *New York Times*, and persuaded his friend and fellow Southerner William Styron to run a 35,000-word excerpt from *The Confessions of Nat Turner* in *Harper's* at a fee several times smaller than he could have got elsewhere. But his official declaration of independence came when he signed Norman Mailer to recount his experiences at a Washington peace march.

Writers' Prerogatives. Mailer turned in 90,000 words. Morris read them all and deliberated with Executive Editor Midge Decter for most of a drinking afternoon before deciding to run the piece in full, turning over a whole issue of *Harper's* to what was probably the longest magazine article ever published, "The Steps of the Pentagon." In book form, as *The Armies of the Night*, it won a Pulitzer Prize for Mailer.

As an editor, Morris acts more as a filter than an originator of ideas, but his greatest strength is in understanding, in Halberstam's words, "writers' prerogatives, what they feel, what they are, what is important to them." Often what is most important to them is to be given the freedom to write in the length and style they want to. Last week, Morris broached a story idea to his old Texas classmate, Bill Moyers, who had just been dropped as publisher of *Long Island's Newsday*. "Take a month, rent a car, see the country and do a piece on America," were Morris' only instructions. "What appeals to me about doing it," says Moyers, "is that Willie has no hang-ups about style, tradition, length—no preconceived ideas of shaping a writer. He is much more interested in me and what I might have to say than in his own idea of what I should say."

The 15¢ Newspaper

The biggest-selling evening newspaper in the U.S., the *New York Post*, last week went the way of the Bemidji (Minn.) *Pioneer*, the Niles (Mich.) *Star* and the Fairbanks *News-Miner*—it jumped to 15¢. Apart from the special-audience Wall Street *Journal*, the *Post* thus became the first major daily in the nation to charge that price.

Others may not be far behind. One reason for the *Post* increase was the high cost of new contracts being negotiated with ten unions. New York's other two large-circulation dailies are directly affected by the same negotiations; papers in other big cities will be indirectly affected the next time their contracts come up. In New York, the 8¢ *Daily News* may settle for a 2¢ raise, but the *Times* will be tempted to match the *Post's* new price. After all, as Typographical Union Leader Bert Powers said last week: "If the *Post* is worth 15¢, the *Times* is worth, what, 50¢?"

Invest \$1726* in a Toyota Corolla 2-door and see what happens.



(If nothing happens, try a fastback. \$1856)

If she's strong on style, the fastback should do it. But if she's also a practical sensualist, any Corolla should grab her.

Sedan, fastback, or wagon, all Toyota Corollas come with practical, but pampering things like: deep foam, reclining bucket seats. Glove-soft vinyl interiors. Plush nylon carpeting. And all Corollas deliver around 28 miles per gallon. And reach speeds of 87 miles per hour. Quietly.



And to back up all those goodies, Toyota builds every Corolla with unitized construction. Puts five main bearings in the engine instead of the usual three. And makes sure every Corolla passes more than 700 tests and inspections.

So, if you've gone the Corolla route and you're still spending your evenings alone, there's only one other suggestion we can make. Maybe if you grew a mustache . . . !

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RELIGION



OBERAMMERGAU'S "JESUS IN THE TEMPLE" SCENE

Hitler liked the characterization, but lately Christians and Jews have been panning it.

Passion at Oberammergau

It is only a folk festival. The actors, beneath their specially grown beards and long hair, are simple Bavarian villagers. The script is amateurishly florid. Yet the once-a-decade production of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, Germany, has long been a byword for Roman Catholic piety—and a major international tourist attraction. Ticket demands for this season's 98 performances exceed the supply by about 1,000,000. The 500,000 or so visitors who will throng the area are expected to spend more than \$10 million—enough to keep Oberammergau going through the next nine lean years when the population shrinks to its normal 5,000, the beards and hair come off, and the town turns again into a sleepy hamlet whose principal industry is wood carving.

Swirling Controversy. Last week Oberammergau's 1970 production—the 36th in the festival's 336-year history—opened amid the usual festivity, but also amid a swirling religious controversy. Since the mid-1960s, a growing body of critics have charged that the town's re-enactment of Christ's passion and death defames the role and character of Jews. This spring the American Jewish Committee termed the play "fundamentally hostile to Jews and Judaism" and released a 24-page critique to support the charge. In a separate statement, seven U.S. Christian scholars—including Catholic Raymond Brown—agreed that the script "reveals the sin of anti-Semitism." Jewish groups demanded that Munich's Julius Cardinal Döpfner boycott this year's opening. The cardinal attended anyway, but at a Mass for the actors he said: "We are all agreed that the text today needs a new version."

Actually, this year's script was itself intended to be a new version. After the 1960 performance, which used a century-old text, the Oberammergauers decided to modernize and recast the whole conflict between Christians and Jews in the play. Stephan Schaller, a Benedictine headmaster in the neighboring village of Ettal, was commissioned to do a rewrite. Consulting with Jewish groups, he labored to bring the play into line with Catholic teaching since the Second Vatican Council, which decreed that the guilt of some Jews in Christ's crucifixion cannot be applied to all Jews, then or now.

Cackling Caiaphas. When Schaller submitted his script to Oberammergau's 26-man Passion Play committee, it was rejected as too bland and muted. By then there was no time for another revision, so the committee merely used bits of Schaller's version for a cosmetic touch-up on their old one. The result last week was an uneasy jumble. Some of the sweeping references to the guilt of all Jews were deleted. Others were toned down, but almost imperceptibly: the crucifixion is demanded by "the whole of Jerusalem" instead of "the whole nation." God condemns "these sinners" rather than "this folk." In a new foreword to the text, a local priest argues that the Jews of Jerusalem represent not the "Jewish people" but "all mankind, who by their sins brought about the Lord's death."

Yet Pilate, whom history records as a brutal Roman governor, still comes off as a man of compassion seeking to save Christ from the bloodthirsty Jews. This was the same basic characterization that once prompted Adolf Hitler to say admiringly, "There he stands out like a firm rock in the middle of the whole muck and mire of Jewry." One of the

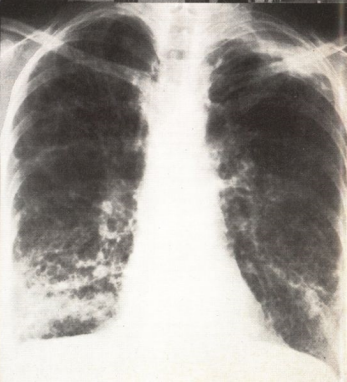
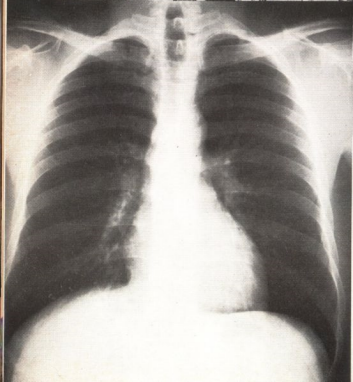
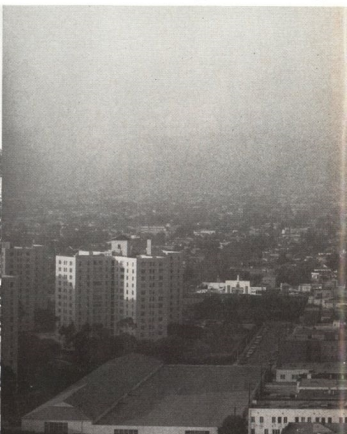
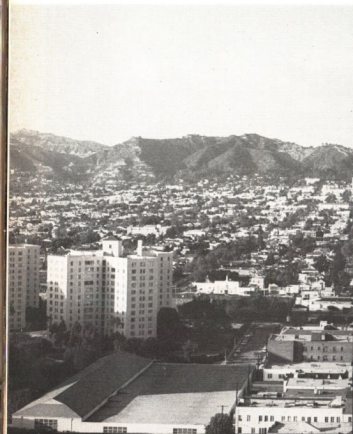
play's prologues still calls the Jews "a furious, blind people." The Jewish high priest Caiaphas still cackles about Christ, "I cannot rest until I have seen that his bones are broken and his body thrown into the pit of the malefactors." And the revision eliminates a Passover scene that showed how Jewish Jesus and his disciples were.

"The Oberammergauers don't want to be anti-Semitic," says Schaller, "but the development of history has passed them by." In an attempt to catch up, the townspeople have already decided on a special committee to look into further revisions for the 1980 performances. But that won't be easy. Four years ago, Director Hans Schwaighofer came up with a natural solution: revert to the artistically superior 1750 version, which pits the Devil—rather than the Jews—against Christ. The town refused and Schwaighofer quit. He now cautions: "People have a fear of changing a good thing that is making money. The whole town lives off this play. They don't dare touch it."

Fewer Catholics

The Roman Catholic Church in the U.S. had a net loss of members during 1969—the first since records were begun in 1889. Membership, *The Official Catholic Directory* reported last week, fell by 1,149 to a new total of 47,872,089. This is hardly a dramatic plunge, particularly coming amid a generalized crisis in organized religion that has shrunk the ranks of other U.S. churches. Yet it reflects, chiefly, a falling off of conversions and a decline in infant baptisms. And these are trends that may give Catholic leaders pause—even though the church is still more than four times larger than any other U.S. denomination.

Suffocation is a lousy way



to die.

Pollution stinks.

But man created it. And only man can end it.

Such is his power.

Until now, we have forced ourselves to live with pollution. And that is stupidity. Or carelessness.

We can rationalize that other matters have more importance. Or higher priorities. And we can die choking out our last rationalization.

After all, what can be more important to man than his own survival?

Nothing.

I want to help end pollution.

Air, water and land. I am sending this coupon so that you may forward it to the proper legislative authorities.

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EDUCATION

The Aggressive Moderates

Until recently, student protest seemed to be a bizarre happening confined to a few unusual campuses—Berkeley, say, or Cornell, or Columbia. But in the post-Cambodia climate, some of the sleepiest campuses have suddenly been stirred to varying degrees of anger and demands for change. Almost everywhere, more and more students are voicing unsuspected concern. But despite their newfound willingness to join demonstrations and their often abusive language, the new activists are still basically against violence, which is why they are being called "aggressive moderates."

Consider the University of Alabama, which has long been a bastion of idolized athletics and lionized coaches, pretty coeds, fervent fraternity men and racism. Today, Alabama is aroused—and politicized. An indication of the new mood came on May 6, when a candlelight service was held for the students slain at Kent State. Afterward, there was a march on the mansion of President F. David Mathews, where students demanded a number of parochial changes (self-regulation on hours for women, better food and such). Nothing big by up-North standards, but neither the service nor the march would have happened a few months ago. The edgy Tuscaloosa police took note.

Greeks and Freaks. One evening at midmonth, there was a good-natured confrontation outside the student union between a group of "Greeks" (fraternity types) and "Freaks" (members of the university's long-hair set). Six city police rolled up and soon were reinforced by nightstick-toting plainclothesmen. There followed what by most accounts was a police riot: the cops went berserk, clubbing students and bystanders indiscriminately. Among the casualties was Senior Richard Winstead, a former all-state basketball star and campus beau ideal. Strolling on the Deke-house lawn with a date, Winstead was wrestled into some bushes and stick-whipped by policemen. Undergraduates were appalled. "You know," said one Greek, "we never believed the black students about police brutality. We thought the Freaks deserved whatever they got. Now it's close to home."

To be sure, the aroused students are sticking to local issues. "When they mix in 'Impeach Nixon' and 'End the war,'" says one, "I bow out." Yet last week Alabama held a memorial service for the blacks killed at Jackson State. Amid demonstrations and arrests, epithets ("Liar," "Fascist pig") have been hurled at President Mathews.

New Portals. A similar awakening is clear at Midwest models of Old Siwash like tiny Knox College (enrollment: 1,487) in Galesburg, Ill. A typical heartland school, Knox has always been quiet, conservative and content (for a weekend,

Iowa City is "a real groovy town"). In recent days, though, Knox students have occupied the dean's office and demanded a referendum on closing the school for the rest of the year. Knox students, faculty and administration members have canvassed Galesburg, house by house, for signatures on an antiwar petition. Furthermore, Knox will probably—like Princeton—give its students time off in the fall for political campaigning.

Acting President Lewis S. Salter does not view more changes lightly; he is concerned lest a "small minority impose its will on the majority." Still, he says firmly, "we are going to be moving out more into the community. I like to think that the tower of learning still stands, but that there are new portals

ROBERT W. PEARCE



ALABAMA STUDENTS & MESSAGE

Even they are aroused and politicized.

through which students and faculty can pass to the outside for political activity and through which they can return to study."

By no means is every American campus actively protesting the Administration's war or domestic policies—or even its own college policies. After all, the country has 2,500 campuses, hundreds of which remain calm. But when dissent can transform an Alabama or a Knox, it can happen anywhere.

The Price of Violence

Campus disorder is expensive. Stanford University, for one, has begun totting up the dollar costs of its violent spring. Out-of-pocket expenses have come to \$240,000, including \$100,000 for broken windows and other property damage. Overtime work by repair crews, campus police, administrators and others brings the six-week total to \$580,000. At some campuses, even bigger figures come even faster: last week fire bombs at California's Fresno State College destroyed a computer center valued at close to \$1,000,000.

How to prove there are martini men who don't know which end of their stirrer is up.

Order three martinis from the bartender. But make sure your friend, the Know-It-All, doesn't see any of the labels.

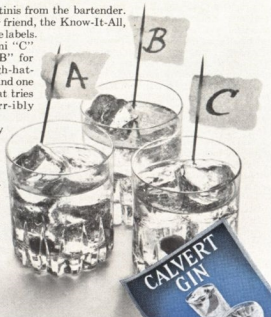
Mark one martini "C" for Calvert. One "B" for his brand (that high-hatted British stuff). And one "A" for the kind that tries so hard to be terr-ibly Brrr-ityish.

Let him taste any one. In any order.

Now ask which martini he liked best....

When stripped of all psychological snobbery isn't it amazing how many martini men choose Calvert?

**Calvert Gin
100% Dry**



DISTILLED DRY GIN • DISTILLED FROM 100% AMERICAN GRAIN • 90 PROOF • CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

\$3,685 Buys a Fortune in Manufacturing

It buys a full-page ad in FORTUNE MFG—the edition that reaches 130,000 subscribers exclusively in manufacturing. Pinpoint coverage made possible by FORTUNE's computerized subscriber identification system. The FORTUNE MFG audience is almost totally comprised of management men: 35 percent top management; 52 percent middle management.

This newest FORTUNE availability attracted 465 pages of advertising in its first year. And the pace keeps picking up. FORTUNE MFG is already a key element in the 1970 corporate and divisional advertising plans of many leading companies. Why not check into its advantages. You can buy it alone, or split-run with the full-run FORTUNE.

For more information, contact your FORTUNE representative.

Rate effective January, 1970

MILESTONES

Died. Louis Shonceit, 69, owner of Mackey's Inc., one of Broadway's biggest ticket brokers, who peddled 200,000 seats a year to a clientele that ran the gamut, Shonceit liked to say, from George Abbot to Darryl Zanuck; after a long illness following a stroke in 1965; in Palma de Mallorca, Spain.

Died. Goodwin J. Knight, 73, Republican Governor of California from 1953 to 1958, and power in state politics; of pneumonia; in Inglewood, Calif. An energetic campaigner, "Goodie" Knight served two terms as Earl Warren's Lieutenant Governor, then succeeded him in office and made his own mark with the voters, winning by a landslide in 1954. Long at odds with the state's conservative wing, Knight blamed Richard Nixon for his defeat in the 1958 senatorial election, and in 1962 made it an open fight in the gubernatorial primary—which went to Nixon.

Died. Dr. Heinz Hartmann, 75, Vienna-born pioneer of psychoanalysis; of a heart attack; in Stony Point, N.Y. Hartmann's fame rests on his genius as a teacher and synthesizer rather than a practicing analyst. In numerous works backed by clinical observation (*Ego Psychology* and *The Problem of Adaptation*), he refined and expanded many of Sigmund Freud's theories as well as placing them in a historical, biological and philosophical context.

Died. Clifford R. Hope, 76, longtime (1927-56) Republican Congressman from Kansas; following a series of strokes; in Garden City, Kans. As an articulate champion of the farmer, Hope was largely responsible for the passage of the Soil Erosion Act (1935), the Hope-Aiken price-support law (1948) and the Farm Credit Act (1953).

Died. Joseph Wood Krutch, 76, author and critic, who in his later years won renown as a naturalist and conservationist; of cancer; in Tucson, Ariz. Prolific as well as scholarly, Krutch reviewed plays for the *Nation* from 1924 to 1952, during which time he published a dozen volumes of literary biography and theatrical history. In 1950 he left New York for Tucson, where he fashioned a new career out of his love of nature; his writings celebrated the land and its creatures (*The Desert Year*, *The Forgotten Peninsula*, *The Great Chain of Life*), and expressed a yearning for a simpler, more contemplative life. "If you drive a car at 70 m.p.h.," he once wrote, "you can't do anything but keep the monster under control."

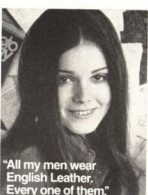
Died. Martin Branner, 81, cartoonist, who in 1920 created the Winnie Winkle comic strip that still runs in more than 150 papers; of heart disease; in New London, Conn.



"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



ENGLISH LEATHER COLOGNE, \$3.00



"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



LIME AFTER SHAVE, \$2.50



"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



GIFT SETS, \$3.00 TO \$10.00



"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."

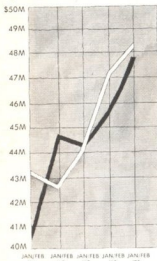
Why you'll probably be within two years. And kicking

We're going to quote you some figures you probably know too well already.

The average cost of a prime-time network television minute is now \$47,900.

A single four-color bleed page in the national edition of Reader's Digest magazine: \$58,275. In Life magazine: \$73,830. In McCall's magazine: \$45,900.

TV network time and magazine space, 1966-1970.



TELEVISION. Cost of one commercial minute on the average network program, Jan-Sun, 7:30 to 11PM.

MAGAZINES. Average one-time cost of a 4-color bleed page in Life, Reader's Digest, Look, Time, Newsweek, McCall's, Better Homes & Gardens and Ladies' Home Journal magazines.

That's what you pay for reaching those you have to reach. But that's not all you pay. As you also know very well, production costs haven't been standing still either.

Seven years ago, you could produce a nice little minute TV spot for around ten thousand dollars.

These days, you're lucky to get away for double that.

The special cost of anything special.

Remember that man who used to come flying down into the driver's seat of a moving car at the end of Hertz commercials?

You probably do. It was a memorable, effective ten seconds of film.

In 1965—1965, mind you—those ten seconds cost nearly \$30,000 to produce.



State of the economy today.

All by themselves, of course, these price hikes aren't necessarily bad. Nobody would mind very much if they went hand in hand with boosted revenues.

Unfortunately, they're not doing that right now.



We seem to be going through what you might call an inflated recession. Or a recessive inflation.

Prices are going up. But a lot of profit margins are going down.

Advertising costs are going up. But a lot of advertising budgets are being trimmed.

If your ad money hasn't been cut this year, you're lucky.

State of the economy tomorrow.

How much longer can declining sales and inflated prices go on?

Who knows? Some economists see signs of improvement already. Others don't.

But even if a definite upward trend showed itself tomorrow, most experts agree that economic convalescence could take until 1972 or 1973.

Ergo.

So that's where we got the two years in "You'll probably be advertising on network radio

within two years."

Where did we get the rest of it? From long experience. We've noticed that when smart advertisers

have to stretch budgets, they often investigate network radio.

And network radio, properly investigated, becomes awfully hard to resist.

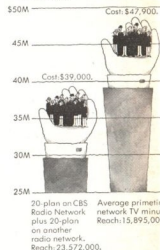
Just one example:

Did you know that a 20-plan (20 one-minute spots artfully distributed throughout the day and week) on the CBS Radio Network, plus a similar plan on another radio network, will reach up to 48% more adults than the average one-minute primetime network TV commercial?

Most people don't know that. Those who do tend to keep it to themselves.

Not only will you reach 48% more people on network radio, you'll be talking to them an average of three times each per week.

And your cost will be 19% lower. 19% lower.



Who does use network radio?
 GENERAL MOTORS
 BRISTOL-MYERS
 GENERAL FOODS
 COLGATE PALMOLIVE
 R. J. REYNOLDS
 AMERICAN HOME
 FORD
 STERLING DRUG
 PHILIP MORRIS
 DUPONT
 ETC.

advertising on network radio yourself for not doing it earlier.

That's network radio compared with a primetime TV minute. Now what about network radio and daytime TV?

Where do you think a "Housewife 10 Plan" (10 one-minute spots a week directed to the housewife audience) on the CBS Radio Network, plus a similar plan on another network, would rank within a list of daytime TV's Top 10 programs among women 18 and over?

It would rank first.

And the cost-per-thousand adult women impressions would be 52% lower than the average program in network TV's daytime Top 10.

Your wife can listen to the radio while she does laundry, peels the onions, changes the baby, washes the windows, paints the cupboard you promised to paint, sets her hair, dyes her shoes, drives to the supermarket.

Let her try it while watching TV or reading a magazine.



While we're comparing, let's compare network radio with magazines.

The average cost for a four-color bleed page in representative magazines of national stature is \$48,000.

For the same money, you could be on the CBS Radio Network's Walter Cronkite Reporting, for example, every day, Monday through Friday, for nearly two and a half months, and make 78 million adult listener impressions.

If your eyes weren't glazing over just about now, we'd trot out a few more figures showing that network radio is the most efficient way to advertise nationally.

Some familiar voices on network radio.



WALTER CRONKITE

ARTHUR GODFREY



FRANK GIFFORD

MIKE WALLACE

Quality as well as quantity.

But at about this point, somebody usually asks something like this:

"Network radio may be efficient, but how effective is each spot? How much of an impression can you make without pictures?"

There's no single answer to that. No single honest answer, anyway.

It's a lot easier to do ads and commercials when you can use pictures. So, for a long time, creative people in agencies weren't stretching their imaginations the extra bit needed to do good radio.

But that's changed now. Maybe because of the growing power of radio.

Today, some of the best minds at some of the leading advertising agencies spend a lot of time on radio.



You may have heard this famous Stan Freberg radio commercial about radio commercials. It speaks for itself.

FIRST VOICE: Why should I advertise on radio? There's nothing to look at.
NO PICTURES.
SECOND VOICE: Listen, you can do things on radio you couldn't possibly do on TV.
FIRST VOICE: That'll be the day.
SECOND VOICE: All right. Watch this. OK, people, now when I give you the cue, I want the 700-foot mountain of whipped cream to roll into Lake Michigan, which has been drained and filled with hot chocolate. Then the Royal Canadian Air Force will fly overhead towing a ten-ton maraschino cherry, which will be dropped into the whipped cream to the cheering of 25,000 extras.
All right. Cue the mountain...
SOUND EFFECTS: (MOUNTAIN SHIFTING SOUNDS)
SECOND VOICE: Cue the Air Force...
SOUND EFFECTS: (A THOUSAND PLANES ROAR)
SECOND VOICE: Cue the maraschino cherry...
SOUND EFFECTS: (PLOP)
SECOND VOICE: OK, 25,000 cheering extras...
SOUND EFFECTS: (25,000 CHEERING EXTRAS)
SECOND VOICE: Now, you want to try that on television?
FIRST VOICE: Well...
SECOND VOICE: You see, radio is a very special medium because it stretches the imagination...

They're finding that the absence of pictures doesn't have to hamper you. It can liberate you.

And they've come up with some of the most effective ads you've ever heard. Or seen.

One more word about the effectiveness of radio.

A good number of current television advertisers grew big enough to use television in a big way by using radio in a big way. We'll send you a condensed list on request.

In short, there are few real limits. The power and persuasiveness of your commercials depend entirely on your commercials.

All that network radio can do is provide the audience at small cost.

And that it does incomparably.

CBS Radio Network.

You may have wondered by now why we've been singing the praises of network radio as a whole when our name is the CBS Radio Network.

Because what's good for network radio has to be good for the CBS Radio Network.

We're by far the most popular radio network.

Of network radio's top 20 sponsored programs among adults, 17 are on CBS.

We average 56% more adult listeners per commercial program unit than our nearest competitor.

Ten of the top ten ad agencies in the country use the CBS Radio Network.

So if you're going to be advertising on network radio, your first choice isn't really a choice.

CBS RADIO NETWORK



BOOKS

America: Going, Going, Gone?

THE RECOVERY OF CONFIDENCE by John W. Gardner. 189 pages. Norton. \$5.00.

THE AGE OF AQUARIUS by William Braden. 306 pages. Quadrangle. \$7.95.

THE PURSUIT OF LONELINESS by Philip Slater. 154 pages. Beacon Press. \$7.50.

THE END OF THE AMERICAN ERA by Andrew Hacker. 239 pages. Atheneum. \$6.50.

"The youth of America is their oldest tradition," said Oscar Wilde. "It has been going on now for 300 years." The assumption that the U.S. is a young country has, in fact, been a national premise for hope and the future—an adrenalin charge of optimism no matter what the crisis. Now, suddenly, without even the mixed blessing of a transitional middle age, a question has been raised: Is America's youthful "experiment" all but finished?

The possibility that America has reached its end time haunts the authors of three of these exercises in national self-appraisal. The fourth assumes that an American doomsday is a distinct probability. In former times of trouble, even America's severest critics usually shared the notion that the disappointing child they were shaking heads over was still a bouncing specimen; there was plenty of time to reform its ways. Now, little time seems left. All these skilled critics not only reckon on the chance of an American apocalypse; they simply take for granted that most Americans are living with the shadow of this new apprehension. Read together, their examinations are an extraordinary documentary of America's changing attitude toward itself. Historical change is what these books are ostensibly about; the change of heart the authors themselves illustrate may prove to be the most significant change of all.

Lost Elan. John W. Gardner's essay is the bridge book to the past. It comes closest to the old American liberal attitude of decent expectation. Yet the title clearly implies that a vital national *elan* has been lost—and must be found again before the American dream may be further pursued. In fact, the slightly retreating titles of Mr. Gardner's previous books reflect the pressure of the times. From the absolute of *Excellence* (1961) he has strategically withdrawn to *Self-Renewal* (1964), *No Easy Victories* (1968), and now *The Recovery of Confidence*.

Gardner takes a precautionary peep or two at Armageddon, and he says: "We are in trouble as a species." As one responsible man of good will to another, he drops warnings: "This free society begins with us. It mustn't end with us." But his emphasis lies with

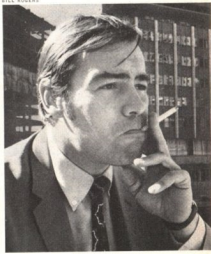
the affirmative, albeit a beleaguered affirmative: "We still have a choice."

In the substantive sections of his book, Gardner takes up the national crises as separate problems conventionally defined—housing, transportation, environment, consumer protection. He has the faith of a reformer that the country can solve these difficulties within the tradition if only it can summon up the will—roll up its sleeves and do it: "Our problem is not to find better values but to be faithful to those we possess."

Gardner is a thoughtful, honorable leader who knows—and says—that peo-



JOHN GARDNER



WILLIAM BRADEN

Spenglerian gloom in the not-so-young republic.

ple must hope in order to act. But his exhortations now have a little of the artificiality of cheerleading. They seem to have been designed for earlier and lesser crises. "Hope is out of style," he writes in rueful recognition of the new American climate.

Journalist William Braden, by contrast, is a kind of intellectual tourist guide, busying his readers through the suburbs of the American mind, 1970. On your far left, ladies and gentlemen, are the Yippies. . . .

Whenever he comes to an intellectual celebrity, Braden, an indefatigable interviewer, jumps out of the bus and, in effect, braces him. *What's wrong with America? The mike is yours.* Erik (Identity Crisis) Erikson, or Bruno (The Children of the Dream) Bettelheim, or Christopher (The Agony of the American Left) Lasch, or Kenneth (Young Radicals) Keniston.

As Braden sums up the returns, Americans have been done in by technology. They have become producers and consumers first, people second. "The instrumentalization of things" has led to

"the instrumentalization of man." Man has become the ultimate object of his own manipulation. He is in danger of engineering his own humanity out of existence: "We have met the enemy and he is us."

No rolling up of sleeves in the Gardner spirit will do for Braden. What Gardner takes to be the problems—racism, poverty amid affluence, and so on—Braden takes to be simply the symptoms of a sick society. Like Gardner, he wants to believe that America can be saved from its apocalypse, and all his interviews, all his quick-tour surveys are really devoted to looking into ways and means.

Will the young supply the spark for regeneration? Alas, the young, Braden fears, may be too obsessed with life-style and too hedonistic—just a new kind of market for technology to ma-

BILL ROGERS

nipulate. "Consumers of enjoyment," to quote Lasch.

Will the blacks be the saving remnant? Can they join white America, in James Baldwin's words, to "achieve our country, and change the history of the world?" With cautious romanticism, Braden is half tempted to think so, because, like Baldwin, but perhaps incorrectly, he assumes that the black has not been conned by the myths of white America—above all, by the "ideology of maximum production and maximum consumption." At any rate, Braden, an amateur theologian (*The Private Sea*), concludes that nothing short of a religious conversion can save America. Technology is beyond reversal—"that which can be done must be done" is the law of applied science. But the country's attitude toward technology can perhaps be changed. The U.S. could, for instance, develop a proper distrust for the "gospel of growth." Such a change in attitude could put human welfare ahead of gross national product.

Braden ends up, like John Gardner,

with unfashionable expressions of hope, quoting the German theologian Jürgen Moltmann's *The Theology of Hope*. If the present looks grim, well, maybe—just maybe—there's the future. He settles for the progressive slogan, "Say no to the given and yes to the new." He gambles, as a humanist, that if runaway technology can be slowed down, it will somehow come out evolution rather than revolution.

Killing and Competing. Philip Slater, chairman of the department of sociology at Brandeis University, agrees with Braden on the baneful effects of technology. But on the gloom-doom scale, Slater is about as far on the dark side of Braden as Braden is of Gardner. Like the new breed of revisionist historians (*TIME*, Feb. 2), Slater, in fact, is not sure whether America ever was all that good. From the

His preference: "cooperating and enjoying." Down with self-reliance, up with the utopian community.

What the other Jeremiahs warn against, Andrew Hacker, professor of government at Cornell, states as accomplished fact: "The United States has been embarked on its decline since the closing days of the Second World War." Like Braden and Slater, Hacker lays substantial blame upon technology; unlike the other two, he is a thoroughgoing determinist.

We cannot choose policy, he argues. We cannot even choose to consent to it. For technology not only runs our lives, it also subtly changes our ethics and even our characters in such a way that we cannot resist it. Hacker holds that thanks to our material success, for instance, "a willingness to sacrifice is no longer in the American

only imagine they are at the controls. Then, in a biting but witty chapter called "Domestic Dissonance," he dramatizes how the character of public experience carries over into the home. The laissez-faire economy of the past he relates easily to what he describes as the laissez-faire American marriage of the present. ("One of man's earliest accomplishments," he observes in a sentence that will please feminists, "was inventing the arrangement whereby the opinions and energies of half the population could be carefully controlled.")

Premature Hysteria. By seeing American history in a special perspective, Hacker perceives the tragedy of a nation divided between its transcendent dream of itself and its present quality and affluence. If America's rewards are turning into a kind of curse, Hacker understands that it is because the country committed itself with a large measure of idealism to salvation by good works—a not unreasonable goal until the machine came along to make a parody of it.

The question remains, is it time for Hacker—or anyone—to write the country off? It may be too late to trot out again the "We are a young country" routine. But there is also a premature hysteria to the new-style despair, as if American opinion were going from polarized optimism to polarized pessimism—from the foolish complacency of thinking we were the best to the equally foolish self-contempt of accepting that we are the worst.

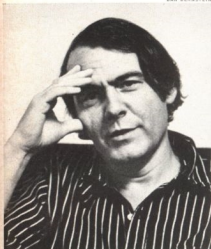
One of Slater's sharpest points is that, in time of partisanship and political transition, the moderate center becomes an embarrassing position. Instead of serving as a meeting ground for extremes, it turns into a no man's land, where men and ideas are caught in a withering crossfire. Yet it is precisely in a time of transition that all the qualities usually associated with the center—patience, good temper, a skeptical willingness to wait and see—become more valuable because they are so scarce.

The Ticket That Exploded

MANAGING MAILER by Joe Flaherty.
222 pages. Coward-McCann. \$5.95.

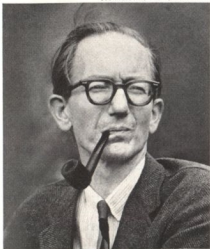
"What we are running on," New York Mayoral Candidate Norman Mailer told the voters last year, "is one basic simple notion, which is that till people see where their ideas lead, they know nothing." For years Mailer has been following and accepting the consequences of his own ideas, most notably those about the revitalizing effects of physical violence. Indeed, the main point that lunges out of former Campaign Manager Joe Flaherty's shrewdly conceived, vigorously written and entertaining account of Mailer's Visigothic raid into forum politics is the novelist's need to test his genius in constant confrontation. Many voters may have been fascinated by a man of

DAN ROSENTHAL



PHILIP SLATER

DOE GOLDBERG, CORNELL UNIVERSITY



ANDREW HACKER

Switch from foolish complacency to foolish self-contempt.

Pilgrims on, he says American immigrants consisted of "people who were not personally successful in confronting the social conditions obtaining in their mother country." No wonder that ever since, the national pattern of facing life has largely involved "escaping, evading, and avoiding."

Like Braden, Slater is indignant at the poor emotional quality of American lives. As a result of "mindless and unremitting productivity," he says, "it is only in mutilated form that the sexual impulse can exist in America." Americans buy and sell instead of making love. Though Slater too often lapses into the new rhetoric of rage, he is perceptive and provocative when analyzing American do-it-yourselfism and even the much-prized American family as devices that ensure further loneliness and isolation.

Americans in general like to think of themselves as community-minded; Slater decides that individualism, American-style, means "killing and competing." Like Braden, and unlike Gardner, he calls for a change of values.

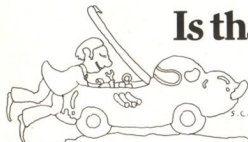
character." And "what was once a nation has become simply an agglomeration of self-concerned individuals"—200 million egos, as he scathingly captions one chapter. We are in "a stage of moral enervation," says Hacker. We are "no longer capable of being a great power" because "we lack the will."

Beyond Gardner's political activism, beyond Braden's marginal theology of hope, beyond Slater's long-shot utopianism, Hacker sits like an American Spengler, waiting for the fall of practically everything. Yet of the four, his accounting of American history is the most knowledgeable, his judgments on it the most just.

He does not simply sermonize about the quality of American life. (This is Slater's particular flaw.) In his chapter on "Corporate America," for example, Hacker depicts, more like a novelist than a political scientist, exactly how the machinery of technology dictates the shape of bureaucratic government, and how that machinery, in turn, frustrates the men of good intent, who

Most people know twice as much about cars as they do about life insurance.

Is that smart?



When you bought your car, you had a kind of mental checklist of what you wanted. Right?

But did you have a list in mind when you sat down with your life insurance agent?

With cars, there are certain things you feel you need . . . roominess, maneuverability, safety, trade-in value, etc.

There are quite a few automotive parallels in life insurance.

For example: roominess depends on size-of-family needs. The extent of your coverage is a close parallel. Maneuverability suggests flexibility. Safety speaks for itself.

We've put these life insurance needs into a checklist to help you answer that age-old question, how

much life insurance is enough?

The list:

Cash, Readjustment, Education, Family, Wife, Retirement.

Cash. Immediate cash. For medical costs, burial, debts, mortgage.

Readjustment. To buy time for your wife to make decisions: to move, to take a job, or not.

Education. The cost of college today averages \$2,000 a year. Even scholarships seldom supply that. Set a figure.

Family. While the children are still dependent, your family will probably need at least 60% of your present monthly income. How much beyond what Social Security pays will it take to make up the amount they need?

Wife. Your wife will probably

need at least 40% of your income after the kids are grown. You'll want enough so she can continue to live in her familiar world.

Retirement. For you and your wife. Figure this as 60% of your income. Add up all you can expect from other sources, including Social Security. How much of the 60% is still unprovided for?

That's our checklist. When you put it all together you'll have a better idea of where you stand. If you want a few more details, so you can talk with your agent more knowledgeably, write for our booklet "How Much Life Insurance Is Enough?"

Institute of Life Insurance
277 Park Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017
Central source of information
about life insurance

Mailer's dark, risky imagination. But in the end, they didn't want their city to marry one.

Radical Conservative. To begin with, there was the problem of the campaign slogan: "No more bullshit." In fact, to discuss the Mailer campaign without generous samples of the excesses that salted his speeches and staff communications would be like discoursing on American democracy without mentioning De Tocqueville. Fornication and cancer are used so often as aggressive metaphors that they seem to take on the roiling essence of Mailer himself.

Admirers of the writer will not find this surprising. In his books, creation and destruction are rendered as one indistinguishable and irresistible life force. By extending this seemingly paradoxical vision into his political career, Mailer

BOB PETERSON—LIFE



NORMAN MAILER

Fulminate of mercury plus laughing gas.

could claim to be a radical conservative—a candidate who could honestly run on a platform of "Free Huey Newton—end fluoridation." The ultimate contradiction implicit in Mailer's radical conservatism was his argument that New York City should become a separate state composed of totally autonomous neighborhoods. If a neighborhood voted for compulsory church attendance on Sunday, so be it. If the majority in another area wanted compulsory free love, that was all right too. What would happen to a celibate atheist who lived in either area is never made clear. Presumably he would have to abandon his convictions or start his own neighborhood.

As candidate for city council president, Mailer picked Jimmy Breslin, an ex-newspaperman who got so much practice writing fiction as a columnist for the late *Herald Tribune* that he had little trouble producing the best-

After a conventional ball has been hit a few times, it probably isn't round. In fact, if you let one sit in a hot car trunk too long it can go out of round with the wrapper still on.

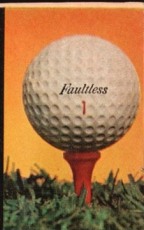
So it won't drive . . . putt . . . or play true.

But not the Faultless. It's the solid ball that stays round. Inside and out. "Even after you've knocked the tar outa one."

Whether it's the Professional from pro shops, or Century from sporting goods stores, "you won't cut it no matter how hard you hit it."

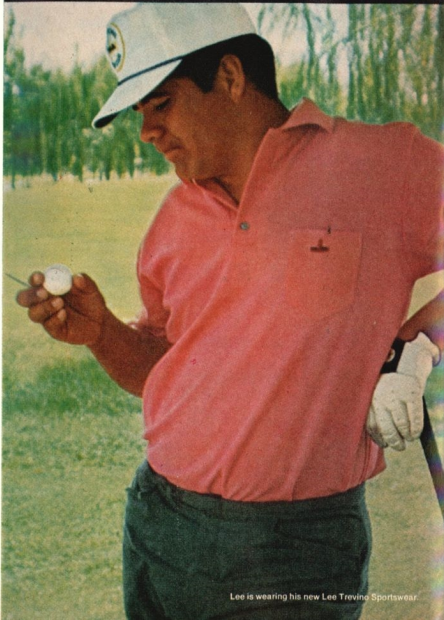
That should get us a round of applause.

Faultless Golf Products, Division of Abbott Laboratories



**"You can whack a Faultless out of sight.
But never out of round."**

Lee Trevino



Lee is wearing his new Lee Trevino Sportswear.

Do you have our name memorized yet? Our ad budget's running a little low.

We're American National Insurance. A while back we undertook a massive project.

To get the readers of this magazine to learn our name.

We didn't try to sell any new policies or set up any retirement plans. Our ads had a single, simple purpose. Overcome the anonymity we've built up over the past 65 years.

Dutifully, each ad has referred to the fact we are rather large for an anonymous life insurance company. Among the top 20 in the country. (Quite an achievement when you consider the list of life insurance companies is 1800 names long.)

We've also made mention of the fact that our insurance in force totals 10 billion dollars. (An impressive figure no matter who's talking numbers.)

And we've even made the point that in 414 cities across this great country of ours, you can find an office with the words "American

National Insurance" neatly lettered on its front door.

All in all, we've tried to present a pretty fair image of ourselves without being pushy.

The only thing we've asked from you is that you take the trouble to memorize our name and drop it from time to time.

Well, word is beginning to filter back to the home office. American National is popping up. On planes. At PTA meetings. At ball games. At parties. Wherever you can imagine, there we are.

Naturally, we're pleased. But if all this name-dropping is to continue, much of it will have to go on without the continual prodding from us. You see, our ad budget is not quite as high as our hopes.

So, why not take the time to memorize those three little words right now.

American National Insurance.

Just in case you should miss our next ad.



AMERICAN NATIONAL INSURANCE

We just want people to know
who we are.

Drop-in movies.



Drop in . . . shoot! Just drop in the film cartridge and you're ready to shoot bright, sharp, colorful super 8 movies. Automatically.

No threading. No winding. Your hands never touch the film.

This Kodak Instamatic M9 movie camera has power zoom, reflex viewing, extra-fast $f/1.8$ lens, automatic electric eye. Four shooting speeds. Less than \$200. At your photo dealer's.

Price subject to change without notice.



Kodak
**Instamatic®
M9 movie
camera.**

selling comic-Mafia novel, *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*. Mailer-Breslin was a ticket compounded of booze, fulminate of mercury, and laughing gas. It was too volatile to survive. There was also the problem of Mailer's vanity. Near the end of the campaign, says Flaherty, Mailer encouraged some of his staff to shave off their beards as a gesture of loyalty, and curtly rejected scripts for spot radio announcements in favor of an abominable jingle from his own pen.

TV Fiascos. The crowning debacle, and the funniest bit in the book, was Mailer and Breslin's appearance on their own TV show. It cost them \$3,400 and untold votes. For starters, Mailer insisted on a live production with no rehearsal and no notes. To add to the studio men's panic at such conditions, he slipped out for a few drinks ten minutes before air time. During the broadcast, Breslin forgot the punch line to an otherwise effective speech. Then Mailer, contrary to instructions, leaped out of his seat and began to roam the set while he delivered his spiel. As cameramen frantically tried to keep him in their sights, they repeatedly picked up Breslin, who was rocking back and forth in his chair with his head buried in his hands.

Of this and other fiascos, Flaherty writes: "The things I cherished in Mailer as a writer—his daring, his unpredictability, his gambling, and his bluffing—were the very things that made me want to strangle him as a politician. It was a revelation that returned my sanity." Flaherty might have got it back a lot sooner had he realized from the start that for someone like Mailer New York is a great place to campaign in, but you wouldn't want to win there.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Love Story, Segal (1 last week)
2. The French Lieutenant's Woman, Fowles (2)
3. Deliverance, Dickey (3)
4. Travels with My Aunt, Greene (4)
5. Great Lion of God, Caldwell (6)
6. The Godfather, Puzo (5)
7. The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight, Breslin (9)
8. A Beggar in Jerusalem, Wiesel (7)
9. Losing Battles, Welty (8)
10. Mr. Sammler's Planet, Bellow (10)

NONFICTION

1. Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex, Reuben (2)
2. Up the Organization, Townsend (1)
3. The Sensuous Woman, "J" (3)
4. Mary Queen of Scots, Fraser (5)
5. The New English Bible (6)
6. Human Sexual Inadequacy, Masters and Johnson
7. I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings, Angelou (8)
8. Love and Will, May (4)
9. Points of Rebellion, Douglas (9)
10. Operation Overflight, Powers

Drop-in movies.



Drop in . . . show! This Kodak Instamatic M109 movie projector makes showing movies as easy as taking them.

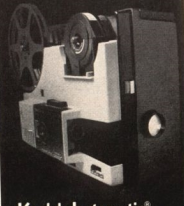
The secret's in Kodak's new projection cartridge.

Just drop it into place . . . and turn on the show. You don't have to handle the film at all. When the movie's over, the film rewinds back into the cartridge. Automatically.

That's not all. The new M109 takes cartridges and regular reels (up to 400 feet), in both 8mm and super 8.

See drop-in movies at your photo dealer's. The new Kodak Instamatic M109 projector, $f/1.5$ lens, less than \$160.

Price subject to change without notice.



Kodak Instamatic®
**M109 movie
projector.**

Kodak

This announcement is not an offer to sell or a solicitation of an offer to buy these securities. The offering is made only by the Prospectus.

New Issue

\$150,000,000

Bethlehem Steel Corporation

9% Debentures, due May 15, 2000

Price 100%
and accrued interest

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained in any State only from such of the undersigned and others as may lawfully offer these securities in such State.

Kuhn, Loeb & Co.

Smith, Barney & Co.
Incorporated

Dillon, Read & Co. Inc.

The First Boston Corporation

Drexel Harriman Ripley
Incorporated

Goldman, Sachs & Co.

Blyth & Co., Inc.

Eastman Dillon, Union Securities & Co.

Glore Forgan Staats
Incorporated

Halsey, Stuart & Co. Inc.

Hornblower & Weeks-Hemphill, Noyes

Kidder, Peabody & Co.
Incorporated

Lazard Frères & Co.

Lehman Brothers

Loeb, Rhoades & Co.

Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith
Incorporated

Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis

Salomon Brothers & Hutzler

Stone & Webster Securities Corporation

Wertheim & Co.

White, Weld & Co. **Dean Witter & Co.** **Crédit Lyonnais Corporation**
Incorporated

Paribas Corporation

SoGen International Corporation

May 15, 1970

CINEMA

Shades of Gray

British Director John Boorman is a film maker of stylistic skill and visual flare. He transformed a more or less routine police thriller into *Point Blank*, a free-for-all exercise in cinematic pyrotechnics. His *Hell in the Pacific* was a stunningly filmed but intellectually shallow allegory about man's inhumanity to man. His new film, *Leo the Last*, appears to have been made with a greater degree of directorial freedom than he has ever had; he even shares screen credit for the script. The result is a stunning but simplistic political parable that might have benefited from the literary intervention of a wiser head.

The scenario is a combination of Harold Pinter and introductory civics. Leo (Marcello Mastroianni) is the son of a deceased diplomat who arrives in London to live in his father's former residence, an opulent mansion surrounded by slums. The neighborhood teems and festers while Leo laments his own lethargy. "I can't get involved," he moans, "what can I do?" He passes most of his days pressed against an upstairs window, telescope to his eye, watching the human comedy unfold in the shops and tenement windows across the way. When he is not peeping, he is halfheartedly fighting off the advances of a man-eater named Margaret (Billie Whitelaw) and trying to avoid the intricate political machinations of some of his father's henchmen.

Eventually, political involvement becomes the only way out. Improbably but gloriously, Leo discovers himself out on the street leading the entire neighborhood in a guerrilla action against his own house. The people survive, but the house does not. "Well," says a neighbor, "you didn't change the world, did you?" "No," Leo replies with wistful



MASTROIANNI & WHITELAW IN "LEO"
Committed but embarrassed.

In Chicago's suburban Oak Brook area, leisure-living takes on new meaning:



Toss coins into the magnificent fountains of Rome, listen to the chimes of Big Ben in London, dine in the Tour d'Argent opposite Notre Dame in Paris, visit Expo '70 in Tokyo. Living in Chambord could help make it so. Pan Am would like to help, too.



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For every parent...
For every teacher...

THE TIME GUIDE TO

DRUGS AND THE YOUNG

At least 5 million youngsters in this country have tried marijuana.

They're not delinquents or from urban slums. They're kids you know. Maybe your own.

Like it or not, drugs permeate much of today's youth culture. Children as young as nine or ten are singing songs of drug-induced highs, wearing clothing inspired by psychedelic dreams, speaking the jargon of the addict and experimenting with dozens of possibly harmful substances.

THE FACTS ABOUT DRUGS

Against this background, the TIME Education Program has created DRUGS AND THE YOUNG, a clear, comprehensive and unemotional look at drug abuse.

Originally prepared for the TIME Social Studies Program, this exclusive guide is now available to the public. Its price is \$1.50 per booklet; or for orders of more than 10 booklets, \$1.00 each. (Postage and handling included.)

Many of the points brought out by the booklet are surprising; some are shocking. For example:

- Unlike heroin, most drugs taken by teenagers are relatively inexpensive. A "joint" of marijuana costs only about 75¢. A Dexedrine pill just 10¢.
- Many parents unwittingly steer their children toward experimentation by their own abuse of so-called accepted drugs.
- Underworld pushers don't hook most youngsters on drugs. Their friends do.
- Drug education should begin at about the third grade level. Drug abuse has already reached some junior high schools.

The booklet points out that the worst strategy a parent can adopt is to pretend that no problem exists. It is in the comfortable suburban areas and rural towns—the 'it can't happen here places'—that drug use is growing fastest.

CONTENTS INCLUDE:

- What drugs are youngsters using?
- Why do youngsters start on drugs?
- How often does experimentation lead to addiction?
- Where do parents go wrong?
- How should drugs be approached in the classroom?
- First-person accounts by two youngsters of their experiences with drugs (on spirit-master for easy duplication.)

optimism, "but we changed our street." That single exchange is a pretty good indication of *Leo the Last's* shortcomings. The movie does not so much compress serious social problems as belittle them, then finally resolve them with a whimsical and faintly maudlin flourish.

Although the film is weak at its base, its superstructure is dazzlingly handsome. There are satiric scenes that for wit and impact are unmatched since Richard Lester's *Petulia*. One group-therapy session in a swimming pool, for example, does expertly in a fleeting interlude of screen time what the first minutes of *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* tried and failed to achieve. Leo and Margaret are jumping nude up and down in a swimming pool, surrounded by dozens of other patients, all under the supervision of a benign instructor, who keeps chanting, "Reach out, stretch out, feel the water. How do you feel?" "I feel wonderful," gushes one flabby matron. "I feel liberated," says another. Says Leo: "I feel embarrassed."

Photographed in shades of gray by a brilliant cinematographer named Peter Suschitzky, *Leo the Last* has an ominous, slightly oppressive quality that successfully stresses its mordant humor. The actors are first-rate, especially Billie Whitelaw and a stunning black actress named Glenna Forster-Jones. Mastrianni, who has been bidding his time in indifferent roles for the past couple of years, gives a performance that proves he is still one of the world's best film actors. His English may be a trifle halting, but his elegant talent has seldom been turned to better advantage. Boorman's, however, has. *Leo the Last* is a riveting, passionate but inconsistent film demonstrating that John Boorman, despite his talent, still needs a bit of help.

This Property Is Condemned

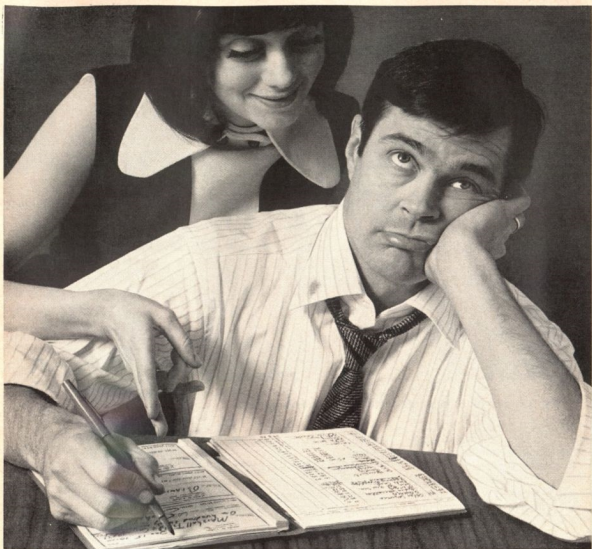
Like *Leo the Last*, *The Landlord* concerns itself with a guilt-ridden property owner in the middle of the slums. Unlike *Leo*, however, *The Landlord* is a glossy, flat, fake Hollywood attempt at black social comedy.

The plot creaks around a 29-year-old rich kid named Elgar (Beau Bridges) who buys himself a tenement in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn. His elaborate renovation plans change abruptly when he meets his new tenants, including a black free-school teacher (Melvin Stewart), a former Miss Sepia (Diana Sands), her eight-year-old son (Douglas Grant) and slightly deranged husband (Louis Gosset), and a worldly-wise den mother (Pearl Bailey) who feeds Elgar soul food and introduces him around. Friendships form fast. Elgar falls in love with a black painter and part-time go-go dancer (Marki Bey), then has a brief but pregnant liaison with Miss Sepia. But Elgar has been more hypnotized than radicalized by the blacks, and film's end finds him with his illegitimate son going in search of his lost go-go dancer and a new home.

The Landlord is the first film by Hal Ashby, a former film editor for

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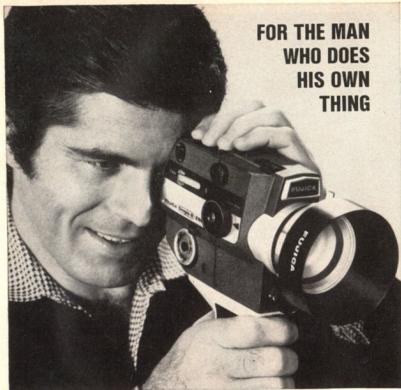
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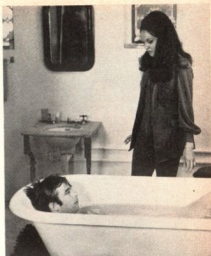
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BRIDGES & BEY IN "LANDLORD"
More hypnotized than radicalized.

Director Norman Jewison. Ashby seems to have picked up Jewison's stylistic slickness, which is stamped all over the movie like a muddy footprint. One *Landlord* love scene consists of almost nothing but enormous closeups of lips and hands against a glaring white background. Ashby and Scenarist William Gunn make things easy on themselves throughout by portraying the tenants as a group of whimsical, life-loving characters out of *The Time of Your Life*; Elgar's snooty family is caricatured with pig-bladder subtlety.

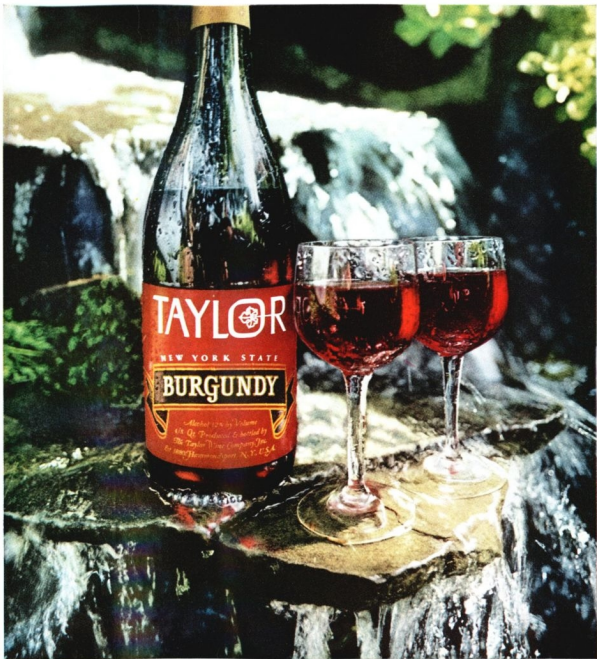
There are, however, some remarkable performances in *The Landlord*. Lee Grant and Bob Klein, as two members of Elgar's family, act with closely calculated wit and an eye for the tellingly ludicrous gesture. Diana Sands is lithe and musky as the former Miss Sepia. Best of all, though, is Beau Bridges. His peppy performance ranges widely between antic comedy and tough melodrama. He handles both with equal facility, as well as the subtler shadings in between. He is surely one of the very best young actors in films today, good enough to make *The Landlord* worth seeing. That in itself is quite an accomplishment.

Blah Blue

It should be noted that *I Am Curious (Blue)* is descending on various theaters within the continental U.S. Made several years ago as a companion piece to *I Am Curious (Yellow)*, *Blue* already looks outdated. Now that almost every film—from Hollywood as well as Europe—contains generous quotas of epidermis in action, *Blue's* primary attraction is hardly unique. Furthermore, endless interviews about insular Swedish political matters give the film the air of a kind of raunchy master's thesis. The sex scenes, when they do occur, are even more blah and passionless than *Yellow's*. If the end result of *Yellow* was soporific, the cumulative effect of *Blue* will probably be catatonic.

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